



PVBLII  
OVIDII NASONIS  
DE ARTE AMANDI

OR,

*The Art of Love.*



THE HISTORY OF THE

PART II

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 OVIDII NASONIS  
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The Proheme or Introduction.

**I**F there be any in this multitude,  
 That in the Art of love is dull and rude,  
 Me let him read, and these my lines rehearse,  
 He shall be made a Doctor by my Verse.  
 By art of sailes and oares Seas are divided,  
 By art the Chariot runs, by art Love's guided.  
 By art the Bridle's rein'd in, or let slip;  
*Typhis* by art did guide the *Hemonian* ship.  
 And me hath *Venus* her Arts master made,  
 To teach her Science, and set up her trade;  
 And time succeeding shall call me alone,  
 Loves expert *Typhis* and *Antomedon*.  
 Love in himselfe is apish and untoward,  
 Yet being a child, I'll whip him when he's froward,  
*Achylles* in his youth was taught to run  
 On the string'd Lute a sweet division.


Art on his rude and sterne aspect did cease,  
 Instructing him in old *Philerides* :  
 He that so oft his friends, so oft his foes  
 Made quake and tremble, when he would disclose  
 His furious rage, was knowne to be a Suitor,  
 And with submission kneele unto his Tutor.  
*Eneides* by *Chiron* was instructed,  
 And by my Art is Love himselfe conducted,  
 Both goddesse sonnes, *Venus* and *Thetis* joyes,  
 Both shrewd, both waggish, and unhappy boyes :  
 Yet the stiffe Bulls necke by the yoa<sup>k</sup>e is worne,  
 The proud Steed chews the bit which he doth scorn.  
 And though Loves darts my owne heart cleaves asun-  
 Yet by my Art the wag shall be kept under : ( der,  
 And the more deepe my flaming heart is found,  
 The more I will revenge me of my wound.  
 Sacred *Apollo*, witnesse of my flame,  
 Behold thy Arts, I doe not falsely clame,  
 Of *Clios* sisters, loe I take to keepe,  
 That in the vale of *Asca* feed their sheepe.  
 Proud sk<sup>il</sup>l I teach of what I have been tasser,  
 Love bids me speake, I'll be your skilfull Master :  
 And what I speake, is true, thus I begin,  
 Be present at my labours, Loves faire Queene.

Keepe hence you modest maids, and come not neare,  
 That use to blush, and shame-fac t garments waare;  
 That haue scant ruffles, and keepe your haire unscene;  
 Whose feet with your white aprons cover & becene,  
 For *Vesta's* virgins here no place is left,  
 My Muse sings *Venus* spoiles, and Loves sweet theft,  
 What kind affections Lovers thoughts doe pierce,  
 And there shall be no fault in this my verse.

FINIS.

THE





# THE FIRST BOOKE.

**F**irst thou art a fresh-man, and art bent,  
To beare Loves armes, and follow *Cupids* Tent,  
Finde whom to love the next thing thou must  
doe,

Learne how to speake her faire, to plead, and woe,  
Last having wonne thy Mistris to thy lure,  
Ile teach thee how to make that love endure.

This is my aime, I'll keepe within this space,  
And in this road my Chariot wheele shall trace.

Whilst thou liv'st free, and art a Batcheler,

The love of one above the rest preferre,

To whom thy soule sayes you alone content me.

But such a one shall not from Heaven be sent thee,

Such are not dropt downe from the azure skies,

But thou must seeke her out with busie eyes.

Well knows the Huntsman where his toyle to set,

And in what denne the Boare his teeth doth whet.

Well knows the Fowler where to lay his gin,

The Fisher knows what poole most fish are in:

And thou that studiest to become a Lover,

Learne in what place most Virgins to discover.

I doe not bid thee saile the Seas to seeke,

Or travell farr to finde one thou dost like.

Like *Perseus*, that among the *Negroes* sought,  
 And faire *Andromeda* from *India* brought:  
 Or *Paris*, who to steale that dainty peece,  
 Travell'd as farre as betwixt *Troy* and *Greece*.  
 Behold the populous City in her pride,  
 Yeelds thee more choice than all the world beside:  
 More eares of ripe Corne grows not in the fields,  
 Nor halfe so many boughs the Forrest yeelds:  
 So many greene leaves grows not in the Woods,  
 Nor swimme so many fish in the salt floods,  
 So many Starres in heaven you cannot see,  
 As here be pretty wenches *Rome* in thee.  
 Faire *Venus* in the City of her sonne,  
 Is honoured, which *Eneas* first begun:  
 If in young Lasses thou delight, behold,  
 More Virgins thou mayst see than can be told.  
 If women of indifferent age will ease thee,  
 Amongst a thousand thou maist chuse to please thee.  
 If ancient women, in the City be  
 Matrons admired for their gravitie:  
 To find a Matron, Widow, or young maid,  
 Walke but at such time up, or *Pompeys* shade,  
 When as the Sun mounts on the *Lyons* back,  
 And store of all degrees thou shalt not lack:  
 Or to that Marble walke, which was begun  
 And ended by a Mother and her sonne.  
 Abroad at noone, betimes, or evening late,  
 That day which we to *Luna* consecrate,  
 Or to the fifty Sisters *Belus* daughters,  
 That all, save one, made of their husbands slaughters  
 Or that same holy day we yearly keepe,  
 In which faire *Venus* doth for *Adone* weepe:  
 Or in the seaventh day, sacred more than all,  
 Which the *Jewes* nation do their Sabbath call:

Or to the *Memphian* Church, where many a vow  
 Is made to the *Egyptian Isis* and her Cow :  
 Or to the market-place, which way is short,  
 Women of all estates doe there resort.  
 Repaire else to the Pulpits, even the same,  
 In which our learned Orators declaime :  
 Here often is the pleaders tongue strook dumbe  
 By those attractive eyes that thither come.  
 There he to whom anothers cause is knowne,  
 Speaking of that, wants words to plead his owne.  
*Venus* rejoycing, smiles to see from farre,  
 The Lawyer made a Client at the barre.  
 But most of all I would have thee to stirre,  
 At the Play-time unto the Theater,  
 Where thou shalt finde them thicke in a great number,  
 The matted seats and the degrees to cumber :  
 Amongst that goodly crew thou maist behold,  
 Whom thou both lov'st, suest to, and faine would hold.  
 Looke as the laden Ants march to and fro,  
 And with their heavy burdens trooping go :  
 Or as the Bee from flower to flower doth flie,  
 Bearing each one her honey in her thigh,  
 And round about the spacious fields doe stray,  
 So doe the fairest women to a Play,  
 That I have wondred how it could include  
 Of beauties such a gallant multitude.  
 There many a Captive looke hath conquered beene,  
 Thither sole arm'd to see, and to be seene.  
 Great Romulus thou first these Playes contrives,  
 To get thy widdowed souldiers Sabines wives.  
 In those daies from the Marble-house did wave  
 No saile, no silken flag, no ensigne brave :  
 The tragicke Stage in that age was not red,  
 There were no mixed colours tempered :

Then did the scene want Art; the unready stage  
 Was made of grasse and earth in that rude age,  
 Round about which the boughs were thickly placed,  
 The people did not thinke themselves disgraced,  
 Of tuffe and beathy Sods to have their seats,  
 Made in degree of sods and massie peats,  
 Thus plac'd in order, every *Roman* Bride  
 Into his virgins eyes, and by her side,  
 Sate him downe close, and severally did move  
 The innocent *Sabine* woman to their love,  
 And whilst the Piper *Thesus* rudely plaid,  
 And by her stamping with his foot had made  
 A signe unto the rest: there was a shout,  
 Whose shrill report pierc't all the ayre about.  
 Now with a signe of rape given from the King,  
 Round through the house the lusty *Romans* sing,  
 Leaving no corner of the same unsought,  
 Till every one a frightened virgin caught:  
 Looke as the trembling Dove the Eagle flies,  
 Or a yong Lambe when he a Wolfe elpyes:  
 So run these poore girls, filling the aire with shrieks,  
 Emptying of all the colour in their pale cheekes,  
 One feare possesse them all, but not one looke.  
 This teares her haire, she hath her wits forsooke.  
 Some sadly sit, some on their mothers call,  
 Some chafe, some flye some stare, but frightened all.  
 Thus were the ravish't *Sabines* led,  
 Becoming shame unto each *Romans* bed.  
 If any striv'd against it, straight her man,  
 Would take her on his knee, whom feare made wan,  
 And say, why weepst thou? sweet what ail'st, my deare?  
 Dry up those drops, these clouds of sorrow cleare,  
 I'll be to thee, if thou thy griefe wilt smother,  
 Such as thy father was unto thy mother.

Full well would Romulus his souldiers please,  
 To give them such faire Mistresses as these.  
 If such rich wages thou wilt give to me  
 Great Romulus, thy souldier I will be.  
 From the first age the Theater hath bin,  
 Even like a trap to take faire wenches in.  
 Frequent the Tilt-yard, for there oft-times are  
 Clusters of people thronging at the barre.  
 Thou shalt not need there with thy fingers beckon,  
 Of winking signes, or close nods doe not reckon:  
 But where thy Mistris sits doe thou abide,  
 Who shall forbid thee to attaine her side,  
 As neare as the place suffers see thou get,  
 That none betwixt thee and her selfe be set:  
 If thou beeest mute and bashfull, I will teach  
 How to begin, and breake the ice of speech.  
 Aske whose that horse was, what he was did guide him,  
 Whence came he, if he well or ill did ride him.  
 Which in the course of barriers best did do,  
 And whom she likes, him doe thou favour to.  
 When thou espieest where Romes best gallants sit,  
 Applaud faire Venus, with thy Mistris hand it.  
 If dust by chance upon her garments fall,  
 Looke with thy ready hand thou brush it all.  
 And though none fall, yet looke that without scoffe  
 Thou with thy durious hand beate that none off.  
 And let the least occasion shew thy duty,  
 None can be too much servile unto beauty.  
 If her loose garments hang downe, that the skirte  
 Licke up the dust, or fall into the dirt,  
 Officious be to lift it up againe,  
 And from the sturtish earth to beare her traine:  
 Happily thy durious guardian such may be,  
 That thou her foot or well-shap'd leg may see.

Beware that none behind her rudely crush her,  
 Or with his hard knees or his elbows brush her.  
 Small favours womens light thoughts captivate,  
 And many in their loves make fortunate,  
 Beating the dust, or fanning the fresh aire,  
 Or to her weary foot but adde a stair e:  
 Such diligence and duty often proves  
 Great furtherance to many in their loves.  
 Within these lists hath Cupid battaile sounded,  
 And he that makes men wounds, himselfe bin wounded:  
 As carelesse of himselfe he pries about,  
 To know which conquerors of the Champions stout,  
 He feesles himselfe pierd't with a flying dart,  
 And wounded sore, complains him of his heart.  
 Oh what assembly did there come to see  
 Great Caesar stand in all his royalty,  
 Praising their prizes in their shouts and skips,  
 Tooke in the Persian and Athenian ships.  
 From both sides of the Sea young Gallants came,  
 And Virgins of all sorts to see the same:  
 Then was the City throng'd, who could not find  
 In that faire crew a Saint to please his minde?  
 Oh gods! how many did kind fancy drive,  
 Strangers to us, us unto them do wive.  
 Behold great Caesar, through the whole world famed,  
 Will adde unto the Nations he hath ramed.  
 The Easterne Kingdomes here to over-past,  
 And they of all his Conquest shall be last.  
 See where a stout revenger comes in armes,  
 Whose haughty breast the flower of honour warms,  
 That being but a Child, leads Warre in chaines,  
 But more than children can by warre constraines,  
 Thy birth-day shall by generall accord,  
 With all the newest vertues be ador'd:

Thy

Thy wisdom which might well become the aged,  
 Shall in the selfe-same ranke be equipaged,  
 That all the world may wonder one so yong.  
 Hath such a ripe-wit, and so queint a tongue :  
 Thy gifts out-strip thy age, whose slow pace lingers,  
 Such was his instant strength, who 'twixt his fingers  
 Crusht two inenom'd Snakes being in the cradle,  
 What would he do being mounted on the saddle?  
 As great as *Bacchus*, when his yeares yet Greene,  
 Was in his power among the *Indies* scene,  
 Is *Cæsar* heire unto his fathers spirit,  
 That his fore-fathers vertues doe inherit,  
 With their auspicious fortune proudly dight  
 Warres, and shall vanquish still where he doth fight :  
 Such be the Fates decree must be his fame,  
 That shall wage battaile under *Cæsars* name.  
 Live still thou youth, of whom thou now art King,  
 With milke-white heads and beards thy praises sing,  
 Revenge thy wronged brothers, thy dead father,  
 And to the warres millions of people gather:  
 Thy father, and thy Countries father too,  
 Case thee in armes against thy insulting foe.  
 Thou bear'st religious armes, so doth not he,  
 Wrong leads him forth, but justice fights for thee.  
 Behold, the Parthians are already slaine :  
 The East yeelds homage to the Latine traine.  
*Cæsar* and *Mars*, both gods, his fathers both  
 Be powerfull in his journey now he goeth,  
 I prophesie his conquest and his praise,  
 In a rich stile unto the heavens ile raise :  
 With my field-words he shall his army cheave,  
 Which with their sweet sound shall enchant each eare,  
 Whilst I the Parthians flight describe at large,  
 Who backward shoote, as flying their foes charge :

And

And of the *Romans* resolution write,  
 In vaine poore *Parthian* souldiers thou dost fight,  
*Mars* the great god of armes, forsake thy droome,  
 In vaine thou hop'st by flight to overcome:  
 In what day shalt thou fairest of all things,  
 Be deckt with gold, attended on by Kings,  
 And drawne along by foure white snowy Steeds,  
 To royalize thy acts and famous deeds.  
 The whilest thy troops of souldiers round invirons  
 The Capitaine of the enemy bound with irons:  
 Giving their legs to keepe them from the flight,  
 Which they before did practise in their fight.  
 The joyfull young men mingled with sweet lasses,  
 Will croud and presse to see him as he passes;  
 And now being met, no sweet occasion balke,  
 Make speech of any thing to enter talke:  
 Though ignorant in all things, all things know,  
 And take upon thee to e plaine each show.  
 As thus the *Euphrates* that first proceeds,  
 Having her head bound with a reath of reeds:  
 Call the next *Tygris* with her haire all blew,  
 Maids may be flattered, to thinke fained things true,  
 Say this presents *Armenia*, *Danae*, she,  
 In the next place let *Achemonia* be.  
 That man's a conquerour, captives they that tremble,  
 Speake truely if thou canst, if not, dissemble.  
 Thence if you goe to banquet, and sit downe,  
 To taste sweet Viands, and to drinke a round,  
 There may thy thoughts unto my Art incline,  
 Observing love more than the crimson wine.  
*Cupid* himselfe alwayes inur'd to rapes,  
 Hath with his owne white hand prest *Bacchus* grapes,  
 Vntill his wings with sprinkled wine made wet,  
 He heaue sits, and sleepes where he is set.



The dew from off his feathers soone he shakes,  
 Which from his drowned wings the dry aire takes,  
 But from his breast so soone he cannot drive  
 Love sprinkled there, though ne're so much he strive.  
 Wine doth prepare the spirits, heats the braine hot,  
 Expells deepe cares, make sorrows quite forgot :  
 Moves mirth, breeds laughter, makes the poore man  
 And not remembring need, to laugh aloud : (proud,  
 Sets ope the thoughts, doth rudenesse banish,  
 Refineth Arts, and at wines sight woes vanish.  
 In wine hath many a young mans heart bin tooke,  
 And borne away in a faire wenchs looks.  
 In wine is lust, and ranknesse of desire,  
 Foyne wine and love, and you adde fire to fire.  
 Chuse not a face by torch-light, but by day,  
 Onely grosse faults such splendors can bewray.  
 Trust no made lights, they will deceive thine eye,  
 Thou canst not judge by torch-light, nor in twie.  
 At the broad noone-tide, when the Sun shin'd rarest,  
 Did Paris say to Hellen, thou art fairest.  
 The Night hides faults, the midnight houre is blind,  
 And no mishap't deformity can find.  
 Stones and dy'd Scarlet by the day we chuse,  
 The broad day and bright Sun in beauty use.  
 Sometimes unto those places tasketh thy feet,  
 Where the faire Forrest-huntresses doe meet.  
 In number more than Sea-sands else prepare,  
 To the warme baths, where many a female are :  
 There some or other hurt by Cupids stroke,  
 Where troubled waters with warme brimstone smoke,  
 Mistakes the wounds cause, and exclaiming raves,  
 Not blaming Love, but those unwholsome waves.  
 See where Diana's grove Temple stands,  
 Where kingdoms have bin won by slaughtering hands,  
 Because

Because she Cupid loaths, and lives chaste still,  
 Much people he hath slaine, and much shall kill:  
 Thus farre my Muse hath sung in divers straines,  
 Where thou maist find fit place to set thy raines:  
 My next indeavour is to lay the ground,  
 To atchieve and win the Mistris thou hast found.  
 Be prompt and apt, you that shall read my Lines,  
 And use attention to their disciplines:  
 The first strict precept I enjoine your sence,  
 Necessfull to be observ'd, is Conscience:  
 Be confident, thy suit being once begun,  
 And build on this, they all are to be wonne.  
 First, shall the Birds that welcome in the Spring,  
 All mute and dumbe, for ever cease to sing:  
 The Summer Ants leave their industrious paines,  
 And from their full moutbs cast their loaded gaines:  
 The swift Monatian hounds that chasing are,  
 Shall frighted run backe from the trembling Hare,  
 Before a wanton wench once tempted by thee.  
 Poore foole, shall have the hard heart to deny thee.  
 Stolne pleasure, which to men is never hatefull,  
 To women, is now and at all times ever gratefull:  
 The difference is, a Maid her love will cover,  
 Men are more impudent and publick lovers.  
 'Tis meet we men should aske the question still,  
 Should women doe it, it would become them ill.  
 The Heifers strength being once ripe and mellow,  
 After the Bull she through the field will bellow.  
 The Mare neighs after the couragious Steed,  
 But humane lust doth not so much exceed.  
 Our flame hath lawfull bonds, keepe time and season,  
 Not bestiall made like theirs, but mixt with reason.  
 Should I of Biblis speake, whose hot desire  
 Doth to the brothers lawlesse bed aspire,

And

*And when the incestuous deed she well suspendeth,  
 With resolution her sweet life she endeth.  
 Mirrha the love of her owne father sought,  
 Affecting him, but not as daughters ought:  
 Her body in a trees rough rinde appeares,  
 And when her sweet and odoriferous teares,  
 Our bodies we perfume, these are the same,  
 Mirrh, of their mistress Mirrha that beares the name.  
 In Ida, of all trees and Cedars full,  
 There fed the glory of the heard, a Bull, (grew;  
 Snow-white, save 'twixt his hornes one spot there  
 Save that one staine, he was of milkie hew.  
 This Bullock did the Heifers of the groves,  
 Desire to beare, as Prince of all their droves  
 But most Pasiphae with adulterous breath  
 Envies the lovely Heifers to the death.  
 I speake knowne truth, this cannot Crete deny,  
 With all her hundred Cities built on high.  
 'Tis said, that for the Bull, this doating Lasse,  
 Did use to top fresh boughs, and mow yong grasse:  
 Nor was the amorous Cretan King asfear'd,  
 To grow a kind companion to the heard:  
 Thus through the Champaigne she is madly borne,  
 And a wild Bull to Minos gives the horne.  
 Tis not for bravery he doth love or loath thee,  
 Then why Pasiphae dost thou so richly cloath thee?  
 Why dost thou thus thy face and looks prepare?  
 What mak'st thou with thy glasse ordring thy haire,  
 Unlesse thy glasse could make thee seeme a Cow?  
 And how can hornes grow on that tender brow?  
 If Minos please thee, no adulterer seeke thee;  
 Or if thy husband Minos do not like thee,  
 But thy lascivious thoughts are still increast,  
 Deceive him with a man, not with a beast.*

Thus

Thus by the Queene the wild woods are frequented,  
 And leaving the Kings bed, she is contented  
 To use the Groves, borne by the rage of mind,  
 Even as a ship with a full Easterne wind,  
 How often hath she with an envious eye,  
 Look'd on the Cow that by her Bull did lie,  
 Saying, oh wherefore did this Heifer move  
 My hearts chiefe Lord, and urge him to her love.  
 Behold how she before him joyfull skips,  
 And proudly jetting on the greene grasse lips,  
 To please his amorous eye, then charg'd the Queene,  
 See in these fields that Cow no more be seene.  
 No sooner to her servants had she spoke,  
 But the poore beast was straight put to the yoke.  
 Some of these Strumper Fleysers the Queen slew,  
 And their warme blood the Altars did imbrew,  
 Whil't by the sacrificing Priest she stands,  
 And gripe their trembling intrailes in her hands:  
 Oft pray'd she to the gods, but all in vaine, (slaine,  
 To appease their Dieties with blood of beasts thus  
 And to their bowels spake, Go, go, be gone,  
 To please him whom I fondly dote upon.  
 Now doth she with her selfe Europa then,  
 To be faire, so pasturing in the fenne.  
 To a beast in shape, hide, hoofe, and horne,  
 Onely Europa on a beast was borne.  
 At length the Captaine of the heard beguil'd  
 With a Cows skin, with curious art compil'd,  
 The longing Queene obtain'd her full desire,  
 And in the childs birth did bewray the fire.  
 Had Cressa kept her from Phisfes bed,  
 She had not with her child bin banished,  
 Nor Phobus kept his Carre, that so bright burn'd,  
 And his Steeds back u. to the morning turn'd.

King *Misus* daughter that was held so faire,  
 Stole from her fathers head the purple haire,  
 And hanging at the ship, in her fall  
 Chang'd to a bird in voice, in shape, and all.  
 Another *Scilla* was by *Circes* spels,  
 Made a Sea-monster, and in the Ocean dwells,  
 Beneath whose navell barketh many a hound,  
 Whose ravenous gulf like throats ship & men dround  
 The wisest of great *Alcides* that by Land  
 Fled the great god of warre, and did withstand  
*Neptune* by Sea, behold alas she dies,  
 A woefull and lamented sacrifice,  
 Whose sorrows onely not bright *Crusae* flame, (same  
 Wishing their salt teares might have quencht the  
 Who could but weepe to see young children slaine,  
 Whilst their warme bloods their mothers garments  
*Phanux Annutors* daughter she lament, (staine,  
 The swift packe hurrying charior teares and rents,  
 Chiefe mischief all by womens lusts engender,  
 Some of their hearts be tough, though most be ten-  
 Womens desires are burning, some contagious, (der,  
 Mens are more temperate farte, and lesse outrageous.  
 Then in my Art proceed, nor doubt to enjoy,  
 And win all women, be they ne'erso coy.  
 Use them by my directions, being learn'd by thee,  
 Not one amongst a thousand will deny thee:  
 Yet love they to be urg'd by some constraint,  
 As well in thine which they deny as grant:  
 But take thou no repulse, is't not a treasure,  
 To enjoy new delights, and taste fresh pleasure?  
 Variety of sweets are welcome still,  
 And acceptablest to a womans will.  
 They thinke that corne best in anothers field,  
 Their neighbours goate the sweetest milke doth yeeld.

But

But first ere siege be to thy Mistris laid,  
 Practise to come acquainted with her maid:  
 She can prepare the way, seeke thy redresse,  
 And by her meanes thou mayst have sweet access.  
 To her familiar eare your counsellis show,  
 And all your private pleasures let her know:  
 Bribe her with gifts, corrupt her with reward,  
 With her that's easie, which to thee seemes hard,  
 She can chuse times, so times Physicians keepe,  
 When in thy Mistris armes thou safe maist sleepe,  
 And that must be, when she is apt to yeeld,  
 What time the ripe Corne swells within the field,  
 When banisht sorrows from her heart remove,  
 And gives mirth place, she lyes broad wake to love,  
 Whilst Troy was pensive, 'twas well fenc'd and kept,  
 But then betray'd when they securely slept:  
 Yet sometimes prove her, when thou find'st her sad,  
 Mourning her owne wrong with some usage bad,  
 Follow that humour with thy fluent tongue,  
 Shee'l grace thee to revenge her former wrong.  
 Her may the industrious maid betimes prepare,  
 And softly whisper, yet that she may heare,  
 Such wrongs no woman that hath sp'rit can beare:  
 So she proceeds to thee, lifts thy praises high,  
 Swear for her chaste love thou art bent to dye,  
 And there step in, and doubt not to prevaile.  
 Yet e're her furious anger hath strooke saile,  
 Rage in the Sea, delay consumes and dyes,  
 Like ice against the Sunne; no grace despise,  
 That from the hand-maid comes, with all thy power  
 Seeke by convenient meanes her to deflower:  
 She is industrious, and made apt for sport,  
 And by her office limits your resort.

She

She, if her owne counsell may be closely kept,  
 Her Ladies due would gladly intercept.  
 All is hap hazard, though it be with paine,  
 My countell is from these things to abstaine.  
 I will not headlong over mountaines tread,  
 Nor following me shall any be mis-led:  
 But of the maid by whom thou sendst thy letter,  
 With her care please thee well, with her face better;  
 Begin not therefore with the maid to toy,  
 Thy Mistris love and favour first enjoy.  
*One thing beware, if thou wilt credit Art,*  
*Nor let my words amongst the winds depart:*  
*If thou hast mov'd her once, take no denyall,*  
*Resolve to all, or never to make tryall:*  
*From feare and blame thou art secure and free,*  
*As soone as she partakes the crime with thee.*  
 You see the bird that to the morning sings,  
 Cannot soare high, when she hath lim'd her wings,  
 Nor can the savage Boare with bristled backe,  
 Breake through those toyles, which he before made  
 The fish that glides along the silver brook, (slack,  
 Is quickly drawne, being drowned with the hooke:  
 So having once but tride her, make her yeeld,  
 And never part but conquer from the field:  
 The fault being mutuall, knowing how she fell,  
 The bashfull girle will be asham'd to tell.  
 But she can shew thee in a familiar phrase,  
 Both what thy vertuous Mistris doth and saies.  
 Alwaies be secret in your gift appeare,  
 'Twill in the Lady breed perpetuall feare.  
 He is deceiv'd that thinks all times availe  
 For Swaines to turne the earth, Seamen to saile:  
 All seasons are not kind, when men should sow;  
 Times must be pickt, to have your graine well grow.

Not alwayes is the surging Ocean fit,  
 That the well fraughted ship may sayle in it  
 Nor is it alwayes time faire girles to wooe,  
 Sometimes abtaine, so doth thy master doe.  
 Omit her birth-day, and those Calends misse,  
 When Mars and Venus both abstaine to kisse:  
 At some forbidden seasons being deet  
 With Princely tire, use her with great respect.  
 In the breame winter when that Phades raine,  
 From the sweet worke of Venus most abstaine:  
 Forbeare the like resort among thy wenches,  
 When that the tender Kid the Ocean drenches.  
 Thou shalt begin even in that very day,  
 When wofull and lamenting Alila  
 Lookes on the tragicke earth, made crimson red  
 With the wild Romans blood, which that day bled,  
 Or in the seventh feast which is held divine,  
 And honoured by the men of Palestine.  
 Thy Ladies birth-day Ceremonies make,  
 And superstitiously all works forsake,  
 Above all dayes let that a blacke day be.  
 When thou giv'st ought, or she doth beg of thee,  
 You shall have some into your bosome creep,  
 Who jestingly will snatch things they will keep,  
 And by some slye and pretty handsonne suit,  
 To enrich themselves will leave thee destitute.  
 First shall the linnen Draper bring his wares,  
 And lay his packe wide open at the Faies,  
 She will puruse them as thou standst her nigh,  
 The while the Draper asks, what will you buy?  
 Straight will she crave thy judgement in the Lawne,  
 Thou by degrees to shew thy skill art drawne:  
 Then will she kisse thee, pray thee she may try it.  
 Thus by her flattery thou art wonne to buy it.



Canst thou deny the wanton, she will sweare,  
 This gift shall serve her use for many a yeare :  
 It is now cheap, she hath great need of this,  
 And every word she mingles with a kisse.  
 Hast thou no coine about thee, thou shalt send,  
 To intreat it by a letter from a friend :  
 What must I needs present her with this casket,  
 Because that on her birth-day she doth aske it ?  
 Then every day she wants, she will be sworne,  
 That as that very day she's bred and borne.  
 Or when I see her how she sadly weepes,  
 And faining some false losse much seeking keeps,  
 As if she had let fall some precious thing,  
 A jewell from her eare, her hand a ring.  
*What's that to me, or if I heare her pray,*  
*To borrow this or that untill some day.*  
*What's lent is lost, and to be found no more,*  
*Women things borrowed never will restore.*  
*Ten tongues, as many moutbes cannot impart*  
*Halfe the sights used in the Strumpets Art:*  
*Make love with Letters, and thy mony save,*  
*And let them waxe, and inke, and paper have :*  
*Keep what thou hast, for words, good words surrender,*  
*For flattery like falshood ever tender,*  
*Faire words are cheap, what more thou giv'st is lost,*  
*Flatter, speake faire, tis done with little cost.*  
 Old Pryam by intreaty Hector wonne,  
 Which bribed Achilles never would have done:  
 Force is but weake, entreaty hath her odds.  
 So we intreat, but not inforce the gods.  
 A promise is a charme to make fooles fat,  
 Be full of them, promise no matter what,  
 A promise is a meere enchanting witch,  
 By promise tis an easie matter to be rich:

The hope of gaine will keepe thy credit free,  
 Hope is a goddesse false, yet true to thee.  
 Give her, and say you part on some disdain,  
 Thou by her loſeſt, ſhe by thee ſhall gaine.  
 Be alwaies giving, but your gift ſtill keepe,  
 And thy delays in words will harmed ſleepe.  
 So hath the barren field deceiv'd the ſwaine,  
 So doth the gamſter loſe, in hope to gaine.  
 Love that on even growes is moſt pure,  
 That which comes gratis longeſt will endure.  
 Write firſt, and let thy pleaſant Lines ſalute her,  
 A little breakes the Ice of any ſuitor.  
 A Letter in an apple writ and ſent,  
 Wonne faire Gidippe to her lovers bent.  
 Thou Roman Youthes all other roies reſigne,  
 Leave the ſeven liberall Arts and Muſes nine  
 As when you heare an Orator declaime,  
 The people judge, and ſenare grace the ſame:  
 So when the faire maids thou ſhalt come among,  
 Speake well, and they will all applaud thy tongue,  
 But ſpeake not by the booke, it breeds offence,  
 To court in ſtrange and fuſtian eloquence:  
 None but a gull ſuch baſtard words will praiſe,  
 Or in his ſpeech uſe an inforced phraſe.  
 Who but a mad man elſe with Orations,  
 Plead to his love, and woo in declamations.  
 Uſe a ſmooth language, and accuſtom'd ſpeech,  
 And with no ſtraining diſcourſe love beſeech,  
 As if thou caſt to ſpeake a ſtudied part,  
 But as immediately ſent from the heart.  
 If ſhe receives thy lines, and ſcornes to read them,  
 But caſting them away, on the ground tread them:  
 Deſpaite not though, but that ſhe may in time,  
 And will with judging eyes puruſe thy rime.

In time the stubborne Heifers draw the waine,  
 In time the wildest steeds doe brooke the raine :  
 Time frets hard Iron, in time the plowshares worne,  
 Yet the ground soft, by which the Steele is torne :  
 What's harder than a stone, or what more soft  
 Than water is, and yet by dropping oft,  
 The gentle raine will eate into the flints,  
 And in their hard sides leaves impressiue dints.  
 Doe but persist the suite thou hast begun,  
 In time will chaste *Penelope* be wonne :  
 Long was it ere the Ci y *Troy* was taine,  
 Yet was it bornt at length, and *Pryam* slaine.  
 Hath she purus'd the scroule thou didst indite,  
 And will she not as yet an answer write:  
 Enforce her not, it is enough to thee,  
 That she hath read it, and thy love doth see.  
 Feare not, if once she read what thou hast writ,  
 She will vouchsafe in time to answer it.  
 At first perhaps her letter will be slower,  
 And on thy hopes her paper seeme to lower :  
 In which she will conjure thee to be mute,  
 And charge thee to forbear thy hated suite :  
 Tush, what she most forewarnes, she most desires,  
 In frosty woods are hid the hottest fires :  
 Onely pursue to reape what thou hast sowne,  
 A million to a mite she is thy owne.  
 If thou by chance hast found her in some place,  
 Downe on her backe, and upwards with her face.  
 Occasion smiles upon thee, thanke thy fate,  
 Steale to her besides with a theevish gate :  
 And having wone, unto her wisely beate thee,  
 With watchfull care that no Eausdropper heare thee,  
 Or if she walke abroad, without delay,  
 Be thou a quicke spye to obserue her way.

Keepe in her eye, and crosse her in the street,  
 Here overtake her, at that corner meet;  
 Then come behind her, then out-strip her pace,  
 And now before her, and now after trace.  
 Now fast, now slow, and ever move some stay,  
 That she may find thee still first in her way;  
 Nor be afraid, if thou occasion spie,  
 To jog her elbow as thou passest by.  
 Or if thou happenest to behold from farre,  
 Thy Mistris crossing to the Theater:  
 Hye to the place, being there looke round about thee,  
 And in no seat let her be found without thee.  
 No matter though the play thou doe not minde;  
 Thou sights enough within her face shalt finde.  
 There stand at gaze, there wonder, there admire,  
 There speaking looks may whisper thy desire;  
 Applaud him whom she likes, if thou discover,  
 In any straine a true well acted lover,  
 Make him thy instance, court her by all skill:  
 If she rise, rise; if she sit, sit thee still:  
 Laugh thou but when she smiles, dye when she lowers,  
 And in her lookes and gestures spend thy houres.  
 Thy legs with eating pumice doe not weare,  
 Use not hot Irons to crispe and curle thy haire:  
 No spruce starch fashions doe on lovers waite,  
 Men best become a meere neglected gate.  
 Blunt Theseus came with no perfume to Crete,  
 And yet great Minos daughter thought him sweet.  
 Phædra did love Hippolitus, yet he  
 Had on his backe no courtly bravery.  
 Adonis like a wood-man still was clad,  
 Yet Venus doated on the lovely lad.  
 Goe neat and handsome, comelines best pleases.  
 And the desire of women soonest ceases.

Use a meet gate, thy garment without staine,  
 Keepe not thy face from weather nor from raine,  
 Thy tongue have without roughnes, thy teeth cleere  
 And white, and let no rust inhabit there,  
 Weare thy shoes close and fit, and not too wide,  
 Cut thy haire compasse, even on either side.  
 Let no disordered haire here and there stand,  
 But have thy beard trim'd with a skilfull hand.  
 Make blunt thy nailes, pare them, & keep them low,  
 Let not stife haire within thy nostrills grow.  
 Keepe thy breath sweet and fresh, lest ranke it smell,  
 Such is the aire where bearded Goats doe dwell,

*All other loose tricks, and effeminate toys,  
 Leave them to wanton girles, and jugling boyes:*

*Behold young Bacchus me his Poet names,  
 He favours lovers, and those amorous flames,  
 In which he hath beene scorcht; it so fell out,  
 Mad Ariadne straid the Ile about:*

Being left alone within the desert plaine,  
 Where the brooke *Dia* pores into the maine.  
 Who making from her rest, her vaile unbound,  
 Her bare foote treading on the tender ground,  
 Her golden haire dissolved, aloud she rayes,  
 Calling on *Theseus* to the defused waves  
 On *Theseus*, cruell *Theseus* whom she seeks, (cheeks  
 Whilst showers of teares makes furrowes in her  
 She calls and weeps, & weeps and calls at once,  
 Which might to ruth move the sencelesse stones.  
 Yet both alike became her, and begrac'd her,  
 The whilst she strives to call him, or cry faster:  
 Then beates she her soft breast, and makes it groane,  
 And then she cries, what is false *Theseus* gone?  
 What shall I do? she cries, what shall I doe?  
 And with that note she runs, she Forrest through.

When suddenly her cares might understand,  
 Cimbals, and Timbrels toucht with a loud hand:  
 To which the Forrest, woods, and caves resound,  
 And now amaz'd she sencelesse falls to ground.  
 Behold the Nymphes come with their scattered haire  
 Falling behind, which they like garments wear,  
 And the light Satyres, and untoward crew,  
 Nearer and nearer to the Virgin drew.  
 Then old Sylenus on his lazy Ass,  
 Nods with his drunken pate, about to passe,  
 Where the poore Lady all in teares lyes drown'd,  
 Scarce sits the drunkard, but he falls to ground.  
 Scarce holds the bridle fast, but staggering stoops,  
 Following those giddy Bacchanalian troops:  
 Who dance the wilde Lavalto on the grasse,  
 Whilst with a stiffe he layes upon his Ass:  
 At length, when the young Satyrs least suspect,  
 He tumbling falls quite from his Asses necke,  
 But up they beave him, whilst each Satyre cries,  
 Rise good old Father, good old father rise.  
 Now comes the god himselfe next after him,  
 His Vine-like Chariot driven with Tigris grime  
 Colour and voyce, and Theseus she doth lacke,  
 There would she flye, and there she puld her back:  
 She trembled like a stalke the wind doth shake,  
 Or a weake reed that growes beside the lake.  
 To whom the gods spake, Lady take good chaire,  
 See one more faithfull than false Theseus here.  
 Thou shalt be wife to Bacchus for a gift,  
 Receive high heaven, and to the spheres be lift,  
 Where thou shalt shine a starre, to guide by night  
 The wandring Sea man in his course aright.  
 This said, lest that his Tigris should affray  
 The trembling maid, the god his coach doth stay.

And

And leaping from his Chariot, with his baetes  
 He prints the sand, with that the Nymph befeeles :  
 And hugging her, in vaine she doth resist,  
 He beares her thence, gods can doe what they list.  
 Some Hymen sing, and Io cry,  
 So Bacchus with the maid that night doth lye:  
 Therefore when wine in plentious cups doth flow,  
 And thou that night unto thy love doth owe :  
 Pray to the god of grapes that in thy bed,  
 Thy quaffing healths doe not offend thy head.  
 In Wine thou maist much hidden talke invent,  
 To give thy Lady note of thy intent :  
 To tell her thou art hers, and she is thine,  
 Thus even at boord make love-tricks in thy wine.  
 Nay, I can teach thee, though thy tongue be mute,  
 How with thy speaking eye to move thy suite:  
 Good language may be made in lookes and winks;  
 Be first that takes the cup wherein she drinks ;  
 And note that very place her lip did touch,  
 Drinke just at that, let thy regard be such.  
 Or what she carves, what part of all the meat  
 She with her finger toucht, that cut and eate :  
 Or if thou carve to her, or she to thee,  
 Her hand in taking it touch it cunningly.  
 Be with her friend familiar, and be sure,  
 It much avails to make thy love endure :  
 When thou drink'st, drinke to him above the rest,  
 Grace him, and make thy selfe a thankfull guest.  
 In every thing preferre him to his face,  
 Though in his function he be ne're so base :  
 The course is safe, and doth securenesse lend,  
 For who suspectlesse may not greet his friend.  
 Yet though the path thou tread'st seeme straight and  
 In some things it is full of rubs againe.

Lovetri  
 used in  
 eating  
 drinkin

(plaine  
 Drinke

Drinke sparingly, for my impoise is such,  
 And in your singling him take not too much :  
 Carouse not but with soft and moderate sups,  
 Have a regard and measure in your cups,  
 Let both the feete and thoughts their office know,  
 Chiefely beware of brawling, which may grow  
 By too much wine, from fighting most abstaine,  
 In such a quarrell was Euritian slaine:  
 Where swaggering leads the way, mischiese comes after  
 Funckets and wine were made for mirth and laughter.  
 Sing if thy voyce be delicate and sweet,  
 If thou canst dance, then nimble shake thy feet.  
 If thou hast in thee ought that's more than common,  
 Shew it; such gifts as these most please a woman.  
 Though to be drunke indeed may hurt the braine,  
 Yet now and then I hold it good to faine.  
 Instruct thy lipping tongue sometimes to trip,  
 That if a word mis plac'd doe passe thy lip :  
 At which the carping presence finde some clause,  
 It may be iudg'd that quaffing was the cause:  
 Then boldly say, how happy were that man  
 That could infold thee in his armes, and than  
 Wish to imbrace her in her sweet-hearts stead,  
 Whom in her care thou ravest to see dead.  
 But when the table's drawne, and she among  
 The full crew rising, thrust into the throng,  
 And touch her softly, as she forth doth goe,  
 And with thy foot tread gently on her toe.  
 Now is the time to speake, be not affraid,  
 Him that is bold both love and fortune aid.  
 Doubt not thy want of Rhetouicke true love to show,  
 Good words unwares upon thy tongue will flow,  
 Make as thy tongue could wound thy soule with griefe  
 And use what art thou canst to win reliefe.



All women of themselves false-loved are;  
 The fowlest in their owne conceits are faire :  
 Praise them they will beleeve thee, I have knowne  
 A meere dissembler, a true lover growne,  
 Proving in earnest what he feign'd in sport;  
 Then, oh you maids, use men in gentle sort,  
 Be affable, and kind, and scorne eschew,  
 Love forg'd at first, may at the last prove true.  
 Let faire words worke into their hearts, as brooks  
 Into a hollow band, That over-looks  
 The margent of the water, praise her cheek,  
 The colour of her haire commend and like :  
 Her slender finger, and her pretty foot,  
 Her body, and each part longs unto't :  
 And women, as you hope my stile shall raise you,  
 I charge you to beleeve men when they praise you,  
 For praises please the chafest maids delight,  
 To heare their lovers in their praise to write  
 Juno and Pallas hate the Phrygian soyle,  
 Where Paris to their beauties gave the soyle.  
 Even yet they envy Venus, and still dare her,  
 To come to a new judgement with this fairer:  
 The Peacock being praised spreads her traine,  
 Be silent, and he hides his wealth againe.  
 Horses trapt richly, praise them in their race,  
 They will curvet, and proudly mend their pace.  
 Large promises in love I much allow,  
 Nay call the gods as witness to thy vow :  
 For Iove himselfe sits in the azure skies,  
 And laughs below at lovers perjuries,  
 Commanding Eolus to disperse them quite,  
 Even Iove himselfe hath falsely sworne, some write.  
 By Stix to Iuno, and since then doth show  
 Favours to us that falsely swear below.

Gods

Gods sorely be gods, we must thinke they are,  
 To them burne Incense, and due rights prepare :  
 Nor doe they sleep, as many thinke they do,  
 Lead harmlesse lives, pay debt, and forfeits to,  
 Keep covenant with thy friend, and banish fraud,  
 Kill not, and such a man the Gods applaud.  
 Say women none deceive, the gods have spoken,  
 There is no paine impos'd on faith so broken:

*llare fal* Deceive the slye deceiver, they find snares,  
*temnon* To catch poore harmlesse lovers unawares,  
*fraus.* Lay the like traines for them; nine yeares some faine  
 In *Ægypt* there did fall no drop of raine,

When *Thra*tus to the grim *Bu*sis goes,  
*fris* And from the Oracle this answer showes :  
*d Thra-* That *Jove* must be appeas'd with strangers blood,  
*s be-* They said *Bu*sis kild him where he stood :

*se hee* And said withall, thou stranger first art slaine,  
*is a* To appease the gods, and bring great *Egypt* raine.  
*nger.* *Phallaris* bull King *Phallaris* first said,

With the worke-master that the Engine makes  
 Both Kings were just, death deaths inventer trye,  
 And iustly in their owne inventions dye,  
 So should false oathes, by right false oathes beguile:  
 And a deceitfull girle be caught by wile :

*eepe to* Then teach thy eyes to weepe, teares perswade truth,  
 And moves obdurate Adamant to ruth,  
 At such speciall times, that passing by,  
 She may perceive a teare stand in thy eye.

*te her.* Or if teares faile, as still thou canst not get them,  
 With thy moyst finger rub thy eyes and wet them;  
 Who but a foole that cannot judge of blisses,  
 But when he speaks will with his word mixe kisses:  
 Say she be coy, and will give none at all,  
 Take them ungiven, perhaps at first she'll brawle.

Strive and resist thee all the waies she can,  
 And say withall, away you naughty man:  
 Yet will she fight like one would lose the field,  
 And striving, gladly be constraind to yeeld:  
 Be not so boylterous, doe not speake too hie  
 Lest by rude hurting of her lips she cry.  
 He that gets kisses by his pleading tongue,  
 And gets not all things that to love belong,  
 I count him for a meacocke and a sot,  
 Worthy to lose the kisses he hath got:  
 What more than kissing wanted of the game,  
 Was thy meere dastardy, not bashfull shame;  
 They terme it force, such force comes welcome still,  
 What pleaseth them they grant against their will,  
 Phœbe faire was forc'd, so was her sister,  
 Tet Phœbe in her heart thank'd him that kist her:  
 There is a Tale well knowne, how Hecubs son,  
 To steale faire Hellen through the streame did run;  
 Venus who by his Censure wonne in Ide,  
 Gave to him in requit all his faire bride.  
 Now for another world dorb sayle with toy,  
 A welcome daughter to the King of Troy.  
 The whilst the Grecians are already come,  
 Mov'd with this publicke wrong 'gainst Ilium:  
 Achilles in a smocke his sexe dorb smother,  
 And layes the blame upon his carefull mother,  
 What makes the great Achilles tosing wood,  
 When Pallas in a caske should hide thy skul?  
 What dorb that palme with webs and threds of Gold,  
 Which are more fit a wartlike shield to hold?  
 Why should that right hand rock and twig containe,  
 By which the Trojan Hector must be slaine  
 Cast off these loose vailes, and thy armour take  
 And in thy hand the speare of Pallas shake.

Thus

secret  
love.

uty not  
oved  
man.

Thus Lady like he with a Lady lay,  
Till what he was her belly did bewray,  
Yet was she forc'd; so oft we so beloeve,  
Not to be so inforc'd how would she grieve  
When he should rise from her, still would she cry,  
For he had arm'd him, and his Rock laid by,  
And with a soft voyce spake Achilles stay,  
It is too soone to rise, lye downe I pray:  
And then the man that forc'd her she would kisse,  
What force *Deidemeia* call you this?  
There is a kinde of feare in the first proffer,  
But having once begun she takes the offer.  
Trust not too much young man in to thy faire face,  
Nor looke a woman should intreat thy grace:  
First let a man with sweete words smooth his way,  
Be forward in her eare, and sue and pray.  
If thou wilt reap fruits of thy loves effects,  
Onely begin, 'tis all that she expects.  
So in the ancient times Olympian Iove  
Made to Heroes suite and wonne their love:  
But if thy words breed scorne, a while forbear,  
For many, what most flyes them hold most deare;  
And what they may have proffer'd flye and shun,  
By soft retreat great vantage may be won.  
In person of a woer come not still,  
But sometimes as a friend in meere good will:  
Thou cam'st her friend, but shalt returne her love:  
A white soft hew my judgement doth disprove.  
Give me a face whose colour knowes no art,  
Which the great sea hath tan'd, the Sunne made  
Beauty is meere uncomely in a Clowne, (swart:  
That under the hot Planets plough the grownd.  
And thou that *Pallas*, Garland would'st redeeme,  
To have a white face it would ill beseme.

Let

Let him that loves looke pale ; for I protest,  
That colour in a Lover still shewes best :

Look pale.

*Orion* wandering in the woods lookt sickly,  
*Daphne* being once in love lost colour quickly :

Thy leaſenefſe argues love, ſeeme ſparely fed,  
And ſometimes weare a night-cap on thy head :

Leane.

For griefes and cares that in affliction ſhow,  
Weaken a Lovers ſpirits, and bring him low.

Sickly.

Looke miſerably poore, it much behoves,  
That all that ſee you, may ſay, yon man loves.

Shall I proceed, or ſtay, move, or diſwade ?  
Friendſhip and faith of no account are made.

Love mingles right with wrong, friendſhip deſpiſes,  
And the world, faith holds vaine, and ſlightly priſes.

Thy Ladies beauty doe not thou commend  
To thy companion, or thy truſty friend :

Suſpect  
thy friend  
in love.

Leſt of thy praiſe enamoured it may breed  
Like love in them with paſſions to exceed :

Yet was the nuptiall bed of great *Achilles*  
Unſtain'd by his deare friend *Aſtorides*.

The wife of *Thetys* though ſhe went ſtray,  
Was chaſte as much as in *Puthirus* lay :

*Phabus* and *Pallas*, *Hermionius*, *Phyllades*,  
And the two twins we call *Tentarides*,

Tend to the like, but he that in theſe dayes,  
For the like truſt acquires the ſelfe ſame praiſe,

He may as well from weeds ſeek ſweet roſes buds,  
Apples of thorne-trees, honey from the floods :

Nothing is practis'd now, but what is ill,  
Pleasure is each mans God, faith they excell :

And that ſtolne pleaſure is reſpected chiefe,  
Which falls to one man by anothers griefe :

O miſchiefe you young lovers, feare not thoſe  
That are your open and profeſſed foes :

Suſpect

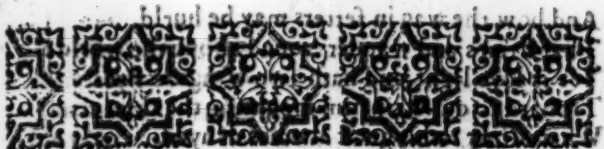
Suspect thy friend, though else in all things just,  
 Yet in thy love he will deceive thy trust,  
 Friends breed true feares, in love they present hate,  
 Of thy neare kinsman, brother, and sworne mate.

Not co-  
 dora tot  
 sensus.

I was about to end, but loe I see  
 How many humourous thoughts in women be;  
 But thou that in my Art thy name will raise  
 A thousand humours, woe a thousand wayes;  
 One plot of ground all simples cannot bring,  
 This is for vines, here corne, there Olive's spring:  
 More then be severall shapes beneath the skies,  
 Have women gestures, thoughts, and fantasies.  
 He that is apt will in himselve devise  
 Innumerable shapes of fiedisguise,  
 To shift and change like Proteus whom we see  
 A Lyon first, a Bore, and then a Tree,  
 Some fishes strangely by a dart are tooke,  
 These by a net, and others by a hooke:  
 All ages not alike intrapped are,  
 The crooked old wife sees the traine from far.  
 Appeare not learned unto one that's rude,  
 Nor lose to one with chastity indu'd:  
 Should you so doe, alas the pretty elves,  
 Would in the want of Art distrust themselves:  
 Hence comes it their best fortunes some refuse,  
 And the base bed of an inferiour chuse:  
 Part of my toyles remaine, and part is past,  
 Here doth my shaken ship her Anchor cast.

FINIS

THE



# THE SECOND BOOKE.

**S**ing to Paan, twice twice to say,  
My toyles are pitch, & I have caught my prey:  
Lesse the glad Lover crowne my head with Bayes,  
And before old blinde Homer Quid praise,  
So did King Pryams sonne exulting skip,  
With the faire ravish'd Helen in his ship,  
So did he sing that in his chariot runne,  
And victor like the bright *Atalanta* wonne:  
Whither away young man, thy Barke is lost,  
Yet in the mid-sea farre from any coast:  
'Tis not enough for thee by my new Art,  
To finde a Lady that commands thy heart:  
The reach of my invention is much deeper,  
By Art thou her shalt win, by Art shall keep her,  
As difficult it is by Art to blinde her,  
To thy desires, as at the first to finde her;  
In this consists the substance of my skill,  
*Cupid* and *Venus* both assist me still,  
And gracious *Erato* still prepare,  
Thou art the Muse that hast of Lovers care,  
I promise wondrous things, I will explaine,  
How fickle thoughts in Love may firme remaine,

C

And

And how the way in fetters may be hurld,  
 That strays and wanders round about the world:  
 Yet it love light, and hath two wings to flye:  
 'Tis hard to out-ride him mounting the skie:  
 What *Mines* to his guest alwaies hath tyed,  
 A desperate passage through the aire he tryed:  
 As *Dadalus* the *Labyrinth* hath built,  
 In which so shut the *Queene Pasiphae* guilt.  
 Kneeling he sayes, just *Minos* end my moanes,  
 And let my native country throud my bones,  
 Grant me great King, what yet the fates deny,  
 And where I have not liv'd oh let me dye:  
 Or if dread Sovereigne I deserve no grace,  
 Looke with a pittious eye on my child's face,  
 And grant him leave from whom we are exiled,  
 Or pittie me if you deny my child.  
 This and much more he saies, but all in vaine,  
 Both sonne and fire doth kill the King detain'd.  
 Which he perceiving, late, now now tis fit,  
 To give the world cause to admire thy wit:  
 The land and sea are watch'd by day and night,  
 Nor land nor sea lies open to our flight:  
 Onely the aire remains, then let us try  
 To cut a passage through the aire, and flye:  
 Iove be auspicious to my enterprize,  
 I covet not to mount above the skies,  
 But make this refuge, since I can prepare  
 No meanes to flye my Lord, but through the aire,  
 Make me immortall, bring me to the brim  
 Of the blacke *Stygian* waters, *Six* Ile swim.  
 Oh humane wit thou canst invent much ill,  
 Thou stretchest strange arts who would thinke by skill  
 A heavy man like a light bird should stray,  
 And through the empty heavens finde a fit way.



He place h in iust order all his quills,  
 Whose bottomes with dissolved waxe he fills;  
 Then bindes them with a line, and being fast tide,  
 He placeth them like Oares on either side.  
 The little lad the downy feathers blew,  
 And what his father wrought he nothing knew:  
 The waxe he softned, with the strings he plaid;  
 Not thinking for his shoulders they were made:  
 To whom his father spake, and then looks pale,  
 With these swift ships we to our land must saile:  
 All passage now doth cruell Minos stop,  
 Onely the empty aire he still leaues open:  
 That way must we take land and the rough deep  
 Doth Minos barre, the aire he stop or keepe:  
 But in the way beware thou set no eye  
 On the signe Virgo, nor Bootes bie:  
 Looke not the blacke Orion in the face,  
 That bares a sword, but first with me take place:  
 Thy wings are now in fastning, follow me,  
 I will before thee flye, as thou shalt see.  
 Thy father mount or stoop, so I arreid thee,  
 Take me thy guide, and safely I will lead thee.  
 If we should soare too neare great Phœbus seat,  
 The melting wake will not endure the heat:  
 Or if we flye too neare the humide seas,  
 Our moylred wings we shall not shake with ease,  
 Flye betwene both, and with the gust that rise,  
 Let thy light body saile amidst the skies.  
 And ever as his late sonne he charmes,  
 He sits the feathers to his tender armes,  
 And shewes him how to move his body light,  
 As birds doe teach the young ones fight:  
 By this he calls a counsell of his wits,  
 And his owne wings unto his shoulders sits,

Being about to rise, he fearefull quakes;  
 And in his new way his faint body shakes:  
 But ere he tooke his flight he kist his sonne,  
 Whilst floods of teares downe by his cheekes did runne  
 There was a hillock, not so high and tall  
 As lofty mountaines be, nor yet so small,  
 To be with vallyes even, and yet a hill;  
 From this they both attempt their uncouth skill:  
 The father moves his wings, and without respect,  
 His eyes upon his wandring sonne reflect.  
 They beare a spacious course, and the spry boy,  
 Fearelesse of his harmes in his new trail doth toy,  
 And flies more boldly: now upon them looke  
 The fisher-men that angle in the brookes,  
 And with their eyes cast upwards, frighted stand,  
 By this is Samos Isle on their left hand,  
 With Maxos, Paros, Delphos, and the rest,  
 Fearelesse they take the course that likes them best:  
 Upon the right hand Eneithos they forsake:  
 Now Astypelea with thy fishy lake,  
 Shady Pachinne full of woods and groves,  
 When the rash boy too bold in venturing roves,  
 Loses his guide, and takes his flight so high,  
 That the soft wave against the Sun doth fry,  
 And the cords slip that made his feathers fast,  
 So that his armes have power upon no blast.  
 He fearefully from the high clouds looks downe  
 Upon the lower heavens, whose cruel wayes frowne  
 At his ambitious height, and from the skies  
 He sees blacke death and night before his eyes:  
 Now melts the waxe, his naked arme he shakes,  
 And seeking to catch hold, no hold he takes,  
 But now the naked lad downe headlong falls,  
 And by the way he father, father, calls

Helpe

Helpe father helpe he cries, and as he speaks,  
 A violent wave his course of language breaks :  
 The unhappy father, but no father now,  
 Cries out aloud, Sonne Icarus where art thou ?  
 Where art thou Icarus ? where dost thou flie ?  
 Icarus where art thou when straight he doth espie  
 The feathers swimme, thus loud he doth exclaime,  
 The earth his bones, the Sea still keeps his name.  
 Minos could not restraine a man from flight,  
 But winged Cupid be he ne're so light.  
 He gulls himselfe, that seekes to witches craft,  
 Or with a young colts forehead makes a draft.  
 No power in wise Medeas potions dwells,  
 Nor drowned posions mixt with Magick spells.  
 The power of love is not inforc'd by these,  
 For were it so, then had Erionides  
 Beene staid by Phaeus, and Vlyssie kept,  
 Who stole from Circe, while the inchantresse slept.  
 These charmed drugs moves madnesse, hurts the braine,  
 To gaine pure love, pure love returne againe.  
 Mischievous thoughts eschew to purchase grace,  
 Manners prevaile more than a beauteous face.  
 And yet the Nymphs the love of Nilus seeke,  
 And Homer doats on Nireus the faire Greeke.  
 But trust not thou the beauty to keepe kind,  
 Thy Mistris seekes the beauty of thy mind.  
 All outward beauty fades ; as yeares increase,  
 Even so it weares away, and waxeth lesse.  
 Beauty in her owne course is overtaken,  
 The Violet new, fresh, is strait forsaken.  
 Nor alwaies doe the Lillies of the field,  
 The glorious beauties of their object yeeld,  
 The fragrant Rose once pluck't, the briery thorne  
 Shews rough & naked, on which the Rose was born.

Oh thou most faire, white haire come on a pace,  
 And wrinkled furrowes which will plough thy face,  
 Instruct thy soule, thy thought have perfect made,  
 These beauties last till death, all others fade.  
 To liberall arts thy carefull houres apply,  
 Learne many tongues with their true Euphony:  
*Ulysses* was not faire, but eloquent,  
 Yet to his loue the sea Nymph did consent.  
 How often did she witch his stay implore,  
 Making the seas unfit for saile or oare  
 She pra'd him oft, because he spoke so well,  
 Over and over *Troies* sad fate to tell.  
 Whilst he with pithy words and fluent phrase,  
 Recites the selfe same story diuers waies:  
*Calipso* as they on the Sea banke stood,  
 Casting their eyes upon the neighbouring flood,  
 Desires he fall and bloody acts to heare,  
 Wrought by the *Ordriſian* Captaine sword & speare.  
 Then holding 'twixt his fingers a white wand,  
 What she requests he draws upon the sand.  
 Here's *Troy* quoth he, and then the walls he paints,  
 Thinkes *Simois* this, imagine these m<sup>o</sup>rents:  
 There was a place in which *Dolon* was slaine,  
 About the vigill watch, when with the raine  
 The *Hemonian* horses play, and as he speakes,  
 To counterfeit that place the sand he breakes.  
 Here *Scirhian Rhesus* tents are pitcht on high,  
 This way his Horsemen slaine, retorne I.  
 More did he draw when on the suddaine low,  
 A climing wave the shore doth overflow:  
 And as her drops amidst his workes do fall,  
 It washt away his tents, his *Troy* and all:  
 To which the go Idesse dares *Ulysses* try  
 These seneclesse violent waves that clime so high.

And

And wilthou with these waters be annoyed,  
 By which so great names are so soone destroyed  
 Then trust no idle thape, it will decay.  
 Seeke inward beauty, such as lasts for aye.  
 Sweet affability will enter faire  
 Into a womans breast, when scorne breeds warre,  
 We hate the Hawke, and loath her flesh to eate,  
 Because by rapine she doth get her meate.  
 The Wolfe we hunt, and envy all her stocke,  
 Because the Lambs she kills, and spoiles the flocke:  
 But none the gentle Swallow layes to catch,  
 The loving Storkes within our turrets hatch.  
 Away with quarrels, bitter words, rough deeds,  
 Lovewith kind language and faire speeches speeds.  
 Strife makes the married couple often jarre,  
 The man with wife, the wife with man to warre.  
 Leave brawles to wives, they are their marriage dower,  
 And with kind words salure thy Paramour.  
 When by appointment you shall meete in bed,  
 By the Lawes done you are not thither led,  
 Striſt Statutes from such actions still withdraw,  
 Tet your abounding love supply the Law:  
 Bring loving speeches to enchant the eare,  
 And moving words such as she joyes to heare,  
 I am not Tutor unto him that's rich,  
 My precepts soare not to so high a pitch.  
 The Lover that's endow'd with gold or fee,  
 And comes with gifts, he hath no need of me.  
 He that at every word can take supply,  
 Hath in that every word more wit than I  
 We yeeld to him, he that their laps can fill,  
 Teacheth an Art that goes beyond my skill.  
 My Muse instructs poore Lovers wantin selfe,  
 For when I lov'd, I was but poore my selfe.

Still as my purse no store of Crownes affords,  
 I in the stead of rich gifts give false words.  
 Be fearefull you poore lovers to displease,  
 Be patient to endure things against your ease.  
 Things that the rich would scorne, it was my hap  
 Once as my head lay in my mistris lap,  
 To grow inrag'd, when straight I fell to beate her,  
 To rouse her ordered locks, and still intreate her.  
 But what ensu'd oh God, much grieve it cost me,  
 Many sweet dayes, many sweet nights it lost me,  
 Whether I toucht her cloath, I might deny,  
 She sayes I tore them, I some new must buy.  
 You Schollers by your Masters harmes beware,  
 These ill by him already proved are.  
 Make against the Parthians warre, but to thy love  
 Bring concord, peace, and all things else can move.  
 Though at the first you find him but untoward,  
 Beare it, and she in time will prove lesse froward.  
 The crooked arme that from the tree is cut,  
 By gentle usage is made straight, but put  
 Such violence to it as thy strength delivers,  
 And thou wilt breake the short wood into shivers.  
 By industrie thou maist o're-swimme a flood,  
 Whose raging current else is scarce withstood.  
 By industrie the Tygres gentle grow,  
 And the wilde Lions may be ramed so.  
 The savage Bull, whose fierce ire doth provoke,  
 By industrie is brought unto the yoke.  
 Arcadian Attalanta was most cruell,  
 At length came one whom she esteem'd her Jewell,  
 Oft wept Hippomanes at his mishap,  
 And her severity who sought to intrap  
 Her harmelesse Lovers, oft at her fierce becke,  
 He laid betwixt his shoulders and her necke.

The toyles for savage beasts, and with his speare  
 He pierceth such untam'd cattell as came neare.

To such hard taskes I doe not thee compell,  
 To arme thy body against Monsters fell.

In the wide wildernesse to seeke our broyles,  
 Nor on thy neck to beare the guilefull toyles :

My imposition is not so severe,  
 No such adventures are enjoyed here.

This onely meanes all dangers will disperse;  
 Yeeld her her humour when she goes perverse. *Humor*

What she in conference argues, argue thou;  
 What she approves, in selfe same words allow :

Say what she sayes, denie what she denies :  
 If she laugh, laugh; if she weepe, wet thine eyes,

And let her countenance be to thine a Law,  
 To keepe thy actions and thy looks in awe.

Or if thou hand to hand shalt play at Dice,  
 At Tables, or at Chests, by some device,

Let her depart a Conquerour, else 'twere sin,  
 What gladly thou wouldst lose, that let her win.

Let thy officious hand then beare her Fan, *(man. Beare*  
 When thou shalt chance her through the streets to *fanne.*

Make thy supporting hand to hers a stay,  
 Through throngs and presses usher her the way.

As she ascends her bed, set her a staire,  
 By which to clime, and every thing prepare,

That she may see them done without offence.  
 Reach thou her pantofles, or take them thence :

And standing by to watch her while she rests.  
 Warme thy cold hands betwixt her panting breasts :

Nor thinke it base, 'twill please though it be base,  
 To hold the glasse unto thy Mistris face.

He that deserv'd within those heavens to tarry,  
 Which he before upon his backe did carry,

*Performing*

*Hercu*

Performing more than *Iuno* could command him,  
 So wrong, that no fierce monster could withstand him.  
 Even he *Atrides* takes grace to win,  
 Shap't like a woman, did both card and spin.  
 Go thou, and in his servile place proceed,  
 And gaine as faire a mistress for thy need.  
 Art thou enjoin'd at such an hour to be  
 In the great *Forum*? when she waits for thee,  
 Hasten thy weary steps, and thank thy fate,  
 Come there betimes, depart not thence till late.  
 Bids she thee go? all businesse lay apart,  
 Run, till with extreame heate thou melt thy heart.  
 Sups she abroad, and wants she one to attend her?  
 Backe to her lodging, it will not offend her,  
 To waite her at the same place in the Porch,  
 And light her home directly with a Torch.  
 Is she in the countrey, and commands thee come?  
 Hast thou no Coach? upon thy oen toes run.  
 Let neither winter blast nor stormes of haile,  
 Nor the hot thirsty dog-starre let thee faile.  
 Shun neither heat nor cold, but see thou goe,  
 Though every step thou tread'st knee deepe in snow.  
 Love is a kind of warre, all such depart,  
 As beare a timorous or slothfull heart. (ons,  
 Nights, winters, long waies, watching, grieve in mili-  
 Torments Loves souldiers in their soft pavilions.  
 On cold ground thou must lie, beare many a showre,  
 When the heavens open, and the flood-gates powre.  
 So *Phæbus* when *Admetus* sheepe he kept,  
 In a thatcht cottage on the cold flowre slept,  
 What *Phæbus* did, who may it not bescem,  
 Better than *Phæbus* of himselfe esteeme  
 What mortall lover dare? then sloth despise,  
 You that confirm'd and lasting love devise.



If at the outward gate a Watch stand centry,  
 Or say the bolts or locks deny thee entry:  
 Search some strange passage, through a casement  
 Or by a cord downe from the chimney fall,  
 The in her loving armes she strait will take,  
 Rejoycing thou wouldst hazard for her sake:  
 Every vaine feare and danger thou dost prove,  
 Is a sure pledge and token of thy love.  
 Oft had Leander without Hero slept,  
 To finde his love into the Sea he leapt.  
 Thinke it no shame the favour to deserve  
 Of every maid that doth thy Mistris serve:  
 Salute them by their names in courteous sort,  
 For these are they that can preferre thy sport.  
 And more and more into their grace to grow,  
 Some trifling gifts on each of them bestow:  
 Especially regard her smiles, her frownes,  
 Whose office is to brush her Mistris gownes.  
 To her make meanes, for she is groome porter:  
 Both to her bed, and such as doe resort her;  
 Great and rich gifts I doe not bid thee send her,  
 I meane thy love, but knacks of value slender;  
 As when the Orchard boughs are clag'd with fruite,  
 In some choyce dish from thence commend by suite:  
 And let the little Page that beares them say,  
 Though thou perhaps hast bought them by the way,  
 These Peares, or plums, or grapes which I present you  
 As his first fruites, were by my master sent you.  
 Or be they hazell nuts, or chesnuts great,  
 Even such as Amarilis lov'd to eat,  
 Or a young Turkie, these will shew thy heart:  
 These gifts send freely, lay the gold apart:  
 Such presents never bring men to despaire,  
 To untimely age, or to tormenting care.

Hazard  
for her.

To use her  
Maids.

What  
gifts to  
send her.

O let

*Send her  
Verses,*

*Note.*

*aise her  
ire.*

O let them amongst others rot and perish,  
That hate mens persons, and their presents cherish.  
What shall I bid thee send her? meetred rimes?  
Alas, they find small honour in these times:  
Verses they praise, but Gold they most require;  
If rich, though barbarous, he commands desire:  
This is the golden age, not that of old,  
Both life and honour now are bought with gold.  
Though Homer bring the Muses in the traine,  
Yet without gold he may retire againe.  
Some girles there be, but they be passing few,  
Worthy to ranke amongst that learned crew.  
Others unlearn'd there are, yet would be held,  
As if in skill, in judgment they excell'd:  
Both let thy Verses praise, and in a stile  
Of sweetest Poesie their worths compile,  
Perhaps thy laboured Lines they may esteeme,  
And like a sleight gift thy sweet verses seeme.  
What thou intend'st to doe by some fine feate,  
Cause of thy Lady may of thee intreat.  
Art thou by covenant tide, and must it be,  
That thou of force must set thy servant free?  
Contrive it so, that it she dare protest,  
Thou hadst not freed him, but at her request.  
Art thou for any rash offence asswag'd,  
So make thy peace, that she may be engag'd.  
Doe as thy profit leads thee, and yet so,  
That she for every thing thou dost, may owe.  
And thou that hast attain'd by passions deepe  
Thy Ladies grace, and wouldst her favour keepe,  
Make her believe still when thou view'st her feature,  
Through all the world she is the fairest creature.  
If cloth of Tire she weare, that habit laud,  
Her Tertian vesture with thy tongue applaud.

If

If like which we from rich Arabia trafficke,  
 Swear such attire cannot be found through Affricke  
 If cloth of Gold she weare, tush, gold is base,  
 If you compare her habite to her face:  
 If in the cold she buy a freeze Gowne weare,  
 Then her perfection makes that garment deare:  
 Is she compleatly drest, and wrapt with joy?  
 Cry out aloud, my heart burnes bright as Troy.  
 Doth she above her fore head part her haire?  
 That lovely scene doth make her twice as faire.  
 Are her curl'd locks in careless tresses dangled?  
 In these crispe knots thy heart must be intangled.  
 If she doth dance, admire her all too feet,  
 If sing, then wonder at her voyce so sweet.  
 But when she ceaseth, either then complaine,  
 Intreating her to shew her skill againe.  
 Doe this, and were her heart as hard as brasse,  
 Or more obdurate than Medusa's was,  
 Yet she in time shall be compeld to yeeld,  
 And thou depart a conqueror from the field.  
 Onely beware of too apparant starke,  
 It will destroy the siege and tedious battery.  
 Dissembling with an untemper'd much import,  
 Else from all future credit it doth depart.  
 In Autumne when the yeare is in his pride,  
 And the grapes full with wine red's on the side,  
 When the cleare air keeps a divided seat,  
 Affording sometimes cold, and sometimes heat,  
 Women are prone to love, healthfull, and quicke;  
 But if by chance thy Lady be faine sicke,  
 Make both thy love, zeale, faith, and all things cheap;  
 Then sow what with full sickle thou maist reape,  
 Cast all about her longing thoughts to please,  
 Seeme not as if thou loathest her disease:

Employ

Employ thy hand in each thing done to her,  
 These Offices each of themselves will woo her,  
 Let her behold thee wepe as thou stand'st by,  
 That she may drinke eesh teare full from thy eye.  
 Vow many things, but all in publicke stile,  
 Tell her thy pleasing dreames, so make her smile:  
 And let the trembling Nurse, thought fit to watch,  
 Bring in her shaking hand a kindled match,  
 Let her pursue the bed, and make it soft,  
 Whilst with thy hand thou turn'st and rears't them oft.  
 These are the safe foot steps thou must tread,  
 Which have made way to many a wanton bed.  
 No such faire office can with hate be stained,  
 Rather by these actions is soone gained.  
 But minister no drugs, of bitter iuyce,  
 Such let the rivall temper to his vice.  
 Now greater gusts must to my Barke give motion,  
 Being from the shore launcht into the Ocean.  
 Young love is weake, and craves soliciting,  
 But in continuance gathers strength by wearing.  
 Ton moody Bull of whom thou art afraid,  
 Being but a Calfe, thou with his harness hast plaid.  
 That tree beneath whose branches thou dost stand,  
 To shield thee from a storme, was once a wand.  
 A River at the first, not once a stride,  
 Increased as he runt the waters wide,  
 Receiving in fresh brookes, in divers raches,  
 Till he in pride hath over-flow'd the banks.  
 Use to converse with her, the speeder knowes,  
 What strength from custome & acquaintance growes,  
 Frequent her often, be from her seld away,  
 Keepe in her eare and eye both night and day.  
 And yet from these sometimes thou must desist;  
 Tis good one should be asked for being mist.

Frequent  
 her.

Be absent from her some convenient season,  
 And let her rest a while, it is but reason:  
 The field being spar'd returns up treble gaine,  
 After great drouth the earth carries more plaine.  
 Phillis did love Demophoon, but not doubt,  
 Untill she saw his flying Ship afloat.  
 Penelope her absent Lord did mourne;  
 So Leodemia did till he returne  
 Of her deare spouse; but he not long away,  
 Cares perish: new love enters by delay.  
 When Menelaus from his house is gone,  
 Poore Hellen is afraid to lye alone:  
 And thus she the feare lodg'd in her breaſt,  
 In her warme bosome she receives her guest.  
 What madnesse was it Menelaus sayd,  
 Thou art abroad, whilst in thy house doth stay  
 Under the selfe same roofe thy guest and Love,  
 Mad-man unto the Hawke to turne the Dove.  
 And who like such a gull would give to keepe  
 Unto the mountaine wolfe full foulds of sheepe.  
 Hellen is blamelesse, for Paris too,  
 And did what thou or I my selfe would doe.  
 The fault is thine; I will labele to thy face,  
 By limittin' these loves time and place.  
 From thee the seed of all thy wrongs are growne,  
 Whose counsell hath she follow'd but thy owne.  
 Alas, what should she doe, abroad thou art,  
 At home thou leav'st thy guest to play thy part.  
 To lye alone the poore wench is afraid,  
 In the next room an amorous stranger laid:  
 Her armes are open to embrace him, he falls in,  
 And Paris I acquit thee of thy sinne.  
 Neither the bristled Boare in his fierce wrath,  
 Torne by the ravenous dogs, more anger hath  
 Nor

Be absent  
from her.

Vlysses:

Womans  
rage.

Nor the she Lyon hid within some ake,  
 Seeking her lost whelp had within some brake,  
 Nor the short Viper doth more anger threaten,  
 Whom some unwarie heele hath crused and beaten,  
 Than a fiercer woman shewes her selfe in mind,  
 Her dearest in aduicious armes to find.  
 Oh then she swells, her fiery eye burnes apace,  
 And you may see her thoughts writ in her face.  
 Through swords, through flames she rushes, there's  
 So grievous, but she acts it with her will: (no ill,  
 This breakes all mutuall love, though well accom-  
 ded;

This destroyes all, though ne're so firmly ground-  
 ded.

Medea did her husbands guile repay,  
 And with her bloody hand Absteris slay.  
 Yon Swallow which thou seest was such another,  
 Before her transformation a fiercer mother:  
 And that her deeds may yet be understood,  
 The feathers of her breast were stained in blood,  
 But for all this I taske not thy affection  
 Of one, and her alone to make yet Hoin.  
 Thou gods defend the foords should prove so deep,  
 These married men have much ado to keepe  
 Play you the warrons, but being done conceale it,  
 And by no brags or foolish boasts reveale it,  
 Meete at no certaine houre, give no knowne gift,  
 Thy usuall place of meeting often shift:  
 It may be shroud disturbers some may send thee,  
 And spialls may be set to apprehend thee.  
 And when thou wilt first pursue thy letter first,  
 Before thou send some, take things at the worst.  
 Venus being wrong'd, makes war, still moving sorrow,  
 Who late from others grieve their mirth did borrow.

Whilst

Whilst *Agamemnon* liv'd with one contented,  
 His wife was chaste, no never it repented:  
 His secret bow his heart did so provoke,  
 Wanting a Sword she with the scabbard *stroke*.  
 She heares of *Chirses*, and the many jarres  
 About *Leruesis* to increase the wartes:  
 And therefore meere revenge the Lady charmes,  
 To take *Thestes* in her morous armes.  
 If when thou hast gone on thy nightly arrant,  
 The act by circumstance peare too apparant,  
 Deny it stedfastly, what ere they know,  
 And boldly face them that it was not so:  
 Be not foled, or of too mirthfull cheare,  
 Lest in thy countenance thy deed appeare:  
 In thy close meetings use thy nimble knee,  
 It may perhaps a bold intruder be:  
 And after so repulsed leave the Forr,  
 But venture not too rash on thy porr.  
 Many there be by whose unskilfull motions,  
 You are prescrib'd strange drugs and divers potions.  
 To make you lusty; they are poisons all,  
 To infect the body, and inflame the gall.  
 Pepper with biting nettle-seed they mixe,  
 Of bastard *Pellitory* some few sticks,  
 Which beaten, and in old wine drunke up cleare,  
 Makes spitefull men aloft their standards beare:  
 The goddesse that beneath his Eripe raignes,  
 Unto her pleasure no such blood constrains:  
 White skallions brought you from *Cegara*, eate,  
 With garden sage make allers to thy meate.  
 Take new laid egges, fresh Honey from the Bees,  
 Fine apples, nuts full ripe, eate such as these:  
 This wholesome fare breeds nought corrupt or tragick:  
 What hath my Art to doe with *Enchilish Magick*?

D

Thou

Thou that but now wast bid thy guilt to hide,  
 Turnes from that course, boast and in it take pride:  
 Nor blame the lameness of thy Tutors mind.  
 You see we doe not saile still with one wind,  
 Sometimes the East, and when his fury failes,  
 West, North, and South by turne did fill our sailes.  
 The Chariot-driver sometimes flakes his raines,  
 Sometimes againe the horses he restraines.  
 Many there be which calmes much doth blind,  
 And if they finde a rivall grow unkind.  
 Prosperity makes humane minds grow ranke,  
 Themselves to know, or their great God to thank:  
 Nor is it held an easie taske to finde,  
 Men that all fortunes beare with equall mind.  
 As fire, his strength being wasted, hides his head  
 In the white ashes, sleeping, though not dead:  
 And when a suddaine blait doth come by chance,  
 Spare fire and light all wake as from a trance:  
 So when with sloth and rest the spirits grow blunt,  
 Love must be quickned even as fire is wont.  
*Make her to feare, and to looke pale sometime,*  
*By shewing her some instance of thy crime;*  
*Which he suspected erst in some strange paines*  
*Must she abide whilst she thy guilt complains.*  
 No soner the report of this assailes her,  
 But colour, voice, and every sence straight failes her:  
 Then I am he whose face she madly teares,  
 Whom she desires to have straight by the eares.  
 Hate me she must, and yet good God she may not;  
 Without me live she will, alas, but cannot:  
 Dwell not upon this passion, but at length  
 Make peace, in little time rage gathers strength:  
 By this her white neck with thy armes embrace,  
 Drying the teares that trickle downe her face:

Kisse



Kiss her yet weeping, her yet weeping show  
 All the proud sweets the Queen of Love doth know;  
 This makes true concord in her greatest rage,  
 These sports alone her passion can assuage.  
*Peace goes unarm'd, and knows not warlike fashions,*  
*This happy peace is knowne among all Nations.*  
*Doves by their murmuring songs shew their good wills,*  
*But now they fought, but now they joyn'd their bills.*  
*The first confused masse no order knew,*  
*Earth, Sea, and Heaven had all one face, one hew:*  
*Straight was the Heavens the Earths large covering*  
*The shoare girt in the Sea, not to invade (made,*  
*Either in others bounds: then Chaos ceast,*  
*And each thing in their severall part increast.*  
*The Woods receive the beasts, Aire the Birds take,*  
*Fish the Sea chuse, and the Land forsake.*  
*Man wanders in the field, and knows no Art,*  
*Meere strength his body rules, meere lust his heart:*  
*Groves were his Cities, shadowed boughs his dwelling,*  
*Water his drinke, all other drinks excellling.*  
*And long it was e're Man the Woman knew,*  
*Till pleasure did their appetites pursue,*  
*And then upon these unknowne sweets she ventred,*  
*Where many an unsackt Fort was scal'd and entred.*  
*Art they had none, no man then plaid the Suitor,*  
*But lay with her, and liv'd without a Tutor:*  
 Even so one Bird doth with another toy,  
 And the Male fish doth with the Female joy.  
 The Hart the Doe doth follow, Serpents to  
 Are with the Serpents held their feat to do.  
 The Hounds in their adulterate parts were fast,  
 The joyfull Ewe receives the Ram at last.  
 The Cow with lofty bellowing meets the Bull,  
 And the ranke he-goate finds the female trull.

The Mare to ney the valiant horses courage,  
 Swims over Fords, and doth large pastures forrage:  
 To thy offended Love give this strong potion,  
 And perfect friendship strait succeeds the motion.  
 This medi ine rightly tooke, all hate expells,  
 Apply it then, others it farre excells.  
 As I was writing, loe the god of fire  
 Appeares, and with his thumbe he strooke his Lyre.  
 In his right hand a branch of Lawrell grew,  
 A Lawrell Chaplet I might lik wise view,  
 Circle his brow, though all men doe not know it,  
 This shews the Sunne of God, Phœbus is a Poet:  
 Who after moving of his head thus spake:  
*Mistres of Love, thy amorous Schoollers take,  
 And lead them to my Temple built on high,  
 There is an old Sun knowne in every skie,  
 Which by his Charactrs doth plainly show  
 That every man must learne himselfe to know:  
 Alone he wisely loves that can doe so.*  
 He that is faire, may shew his amorous face,  
 Whose skin is white, to doe his colour grace,  
 Lye naked, with his necke and shoulders bare,  
 Let him shun silence whose discourse is rare.  
 He that sings, sing by art, that drinckes, drinke to,  
 By art and without cunning nothing do.  
 Let not the learned in their words declame,  
 Nor the vaine Poet prate of his owne fame:  
 So Phœbus warnes, Phœbus himselfe hath said it,  
 And his brave words are worthy to have credit.  
 To come more neare the lover that loves wisely,  
 If these my precepts he observe precisely,  
 Shal reach his wish, th'earth brings not stil increase,  
 Ships when the winds keepe in, their cour.e doe  
 cease.

Few be our helpes, but many be our troubles,  
 Small is our furtherance which our let still doubles.  
 A lover must endure much griefe besides,  
 For every Hare in *Æthio* there abides :  
 For every Berry that the Olive yeelds,  
 For every Spike of grasse sprung in the fields :  
 For every shell strowed on the salt sea shore,  
 Love hath one griefe to taste, and ten griefes more.  
 Art told that she abroad but now did wander,  
 Yet in the widdow seest her with her Pander,  
 Blame thou thine eyes, for it shall much availe thee,  
 Thinke not that newes, but that thy eye-sight faild  
 thee.

Locks she the doore she promised to leave open,  
 O thinke not she deceitfully hath spoken :  
 Take up thy lodging, make thy bed the floore,  
 Thy pillow the cold threshold of the doore :  
 Perhaps a maid from high may cast a flout,  
 And aske what's he that keeps the gates without?  
 Yet both the maides and rude posts doe thou flatter,  
 Sprinkling the seates and portalls with rose water.  
 If she shall come, if bid thee goe, then trudge;  
 Railes she upon thee, doth she call thee drudge,  
 Nay, doth she knocke thee, beare it, it is meet,  
 Nor scorne it, though she bid thee isse her feet.  
 I dwell on trifles, greater matters here,  
 To which thou people lend a generall care :  
 On stricter impositions now we enter,  
 Vertue is still employed no hard adventure.  
 A rivall brooke doe this, and by *Ioves* power,  
 Thou art inthron'd a Conquerour in his tower.  
 Oh thinke me not a man that thus doth teach,  
 Some rough hew'd Oke doth this hard doctrine  
 preach.

This is the hardest thing I can impose thee,  
 If she desire, beare it, if she shewes thee  
 Her hand, forbear to reade it every day,  
 When she calls, come, when she commands thee, stay:  
 This even the married, to lead peacefull lives,  
 Are oft inforc'd to endure of their faire wives.  
 I am not perfect, I must needs confesse,  
 In this my Art, though I this Art professie:  
 What shall I then, my word I cannot keepe,  
 I have no power to swim a sea so deepe:  
 Shall any kisse my Lady, I being by,  
 And to his throat shall I not madly flye?  
 Shall any beckon to her, and I beare it?  
 Shall any court her, and I stand to heare it?  
 I saw one kisse my Mistis I complained,  
 And anger all my vitall spirits constrained.  
 My love alas with barbarisme abound,  
 And doth my wits and spirits whole confound:  
 That wittall is much better skild than I,  
 Who sees such sights, and patiently stands by.  
 To keepe the roome where such things are in place,  
 Despoyles the front of shamefastnesse and grace:  
 Then oh you young men, though you come to view,  
 Your lookes beguile you, doe not thinke it true,  
 Against all censures I ever hold this plea,  
 It is not good to take them *Res in Re*:  
 Where two are taken napping, both alike,  
 Their mutuell guilts make, them the oftner strike:  
*This Tale through heaven is blas'd, how unawares*  
*Venus and Mars was taken in Vulcans snares;*  
*The god of War doth in his brow discover*  
*The perfect and true patterne of a Lover:*  
*Nor could the goddesse Venus be so cruell*  
*To deny Mars, soft kindnesse is a iewel*

In any woman, and becomes her well;  
 In this the Queene of Love doth most excell.  
 Oh God, how often have they mockt and flouted  
 The Smiths polt-foot, which nothing them misdoubted:  
 Made jests by him, and by his legrimed trade,  
 And his smug'd visage blacke with colc-dust made.  
 Mars rickled with loud laughter when he saw  
 Venus like Vulcan limpe, and halt, and draw  
 One foot behinde another with a grace,  
 To counterfeit his odde and uneven pace:  
 Their meeting first they did conceale with feare  
 From every searching eye, and captives eare.  
 The god of warre and his lascivious Dame,  
 In publicke view were full of bashfull shame:  
 But the Sun spies how this sweete paire agree,  
 Oh what bright Phœbus can be hid from thee?  
 The Sun both sees and blabs the sight forthwith,  
 And in all post hee speeds to tell the Smith.  
 Oh Sun what bad example dost thou show?  
 What thou in secret see'st must all men know.  
 For silence aske a bribe from her faire treasure,  
 She'l grant thee that shall make thee swell with pleasure  
 The god whose face is smudg'd with smoake and fire,  
 Placeth about the bed a net of wire,  
 So quietly made that it deceives the eye:  
 Strait (as he feigneth) to Lemnos he must bye:  
 The lovers meet where he the traine hath set,  
 And both lye catcht within the myery Net:  
 He calls the gods, the lovers naked sprall,  
 And cannot rise, the Queene of Love shewes all.  
 Mars chafes, and Venus weepes, neither can flinch,  
 Grappled they lye, in vaine they kicke and winch:  
 Their legs are one within another ty'd,  
 Their hands so fast that they can nothing hide.

Among these high spectators one by chance,  
 That saw them naked in this pitfall dance,  
 Thus to himselfe said, if that it tedious be,  
 Good god of warre bestow thy place on me.  
 Scarce at thy prayers god Neptune be unbound them,  
 But would have left them as the gods there found them.  
 The net unt'y'd, Mars strait repairs to Crete,  
 Venus to Paphos, after that they meet :  
 What did this helpe Vulcan, shall I tell thee,  
 Unto more grieve and rage it will compell thee ;  
 The publicke meeting, which at first shame covers,  
 Is now made free, who knows not they are lovers ?  
 There is no hope they should be now reclaim'd,  
 Worse than they have beene how should they be sham'd ?  
 Of thy rash deede it often doth repent thee,  
 Mad art thou in thy minde, yet must content thee.  
 This I forbid you, so doth Venus too,  
 It harmed her, and she fore-warnes it you :  
 Lay for thy rivall then no secret snares,  
 Nor intercept his token unawares :  
 Let those close pranks by such just men be try'd,  
 That are by fire and water purifi'd.  
 Behold once more I give you all to know,  
 Save wanton loves my Art doth nothing show.  
 No govern'd Matron wel and chastely guided,  
 I here protest is in my Verse derided.  
 What prophane man at Ceres Kites doe smile,  
 Or blab her secrets kept in Samos Ile,  
 Silence is held a vertue, silence then,  
 Tell-tales and blabs, he, Venus hates such men :  
 For blabbing Tantalus is plac'd in hell,  
 And there must ever, and for ever dwell.  
 Hungry, whilst ripened fruit hangs by his lip,  
 Thirsty, whilst water by his chin doth slip,

But

But *Venus* more desires than any other,  
 Her setret mysteries and rites to smother.  
 I charge you let no tell-tales hither come,  
 Such, amongst many, there mult needs be some  
 Hide her reports from every eare that lists,  
 And locke her secrets up in brazen chests.  
 In their new birthes, till pleasures buried lye,  
 'Twixt us they grow, betwixt us let them dye.  
 Her naked parts if she to any any shoves,  
 Her readiest hand to shadow them he throwes:  
 The shamelesse beasts in common field doe stray,  
 And act their generation at noone day;  
 Which Maids by chance espying, cry oh spight,  
 And through their fingers looke to see the light.  
 But when our Lover with his Mistris meets,  
 Have Beds and doores shut 'twixt them & the streets  
 With clothes and vailes their nakednesse they shroud,  
 Wishing the bright Sunne hid behind some cloud,  
 Even in those dayes when men on Acornes fed,  
 And the greene turfe was made the generall bed:  
 When no thatcht cottage, or poore house was build-  
 ded,  
 By which from heate or cold they may be shield-  
 ded:  
 Into the woods and caves the people went,  
 And their sweet pleasures there remotely spent;  
 In the Sunnes presence they shew'd nothing bare,  
 The rudest, and most barbarous had his care,  
 As loath the day should view their publicke shames,  
 Now to their nightly actions they give names,  
 Bargaines and price is made in all their doings,  
 And nothing costs us dearer than our woings.  
 Let not thy talke be when thou com'st in place,  
 To say she, this, or that wench did me grace:

Or

Or point them with thy finger, it may fall  
 Thus thou maist lose her whom thou lovest and all.  
 Others there be from street to street doe wander,  
 And innocent women in their shops doe slander,  
 Forging of them they know not many a lye,  
 Which were they true they gladly would deny.  
 For who command not they, their spoyle is such,  
 Whose breast they cannot fold their names they tuch.  
 Goe then thou odious Pander that keeps whoores,  
 A thousand locks hang fast upon thy doores:  
 Part of her honest canst thou keepe within,  
 When her whole name abroad is full of sin;  
 Doe not their wanton wishes make them nought,  
 When they desire to be as they are thought.  
 Sincereſt love we sparingly doe teach,  
 Yet like no publicke craft their names impeach:  
 Dissemble every fault in their complexions,  
 Hit not in womens teeth their imperfections,  
 I wish you rather smother them than blame them,  
 They love if you praise them, hate if shame them:  
*Andromeda* was belly, sides, and backe  
 To *Persus* seene, he did not tearme her blacke.  
*Andromeda* was of too huge a stature,  
 One loving *Hector* prais'd her gifts of nature:  
 And lik'd her selfe, at the first despis'd,  
 Seeme not so grosse when men be well advis'd.  
 Continuance and acquaintance weares away  
 Such spots as are apparant the first day:  
 A young plant cloathed in a tender rinde,  
 Cannot withstand the fury of the wind;  
 But when his barke is growne he scornes each blast,  
 In spite of whom he growes and beares at last:  
 Every succeeding weeke and following day,  
 Takes from acquainted lookes a staine away.

And

necessary  
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 ver.



And what to day a grosse blot thou wouldst guesse,  
 To morrow in thy eye appeares much lesse.  
 Young Heifers cannot be tight to beare  
 The ranke and lusty Bull for the first yeare :  
 But their society acquaints the smell,  
 After continuance they can brooke it well.  
 Then favour their disgraces, and relieve them,  
 Blemishes helpe by the good names you give them :  
 To her whose skin is blacke as *Elion* was,  
 I have said ere now, oh 'tis a good browne lasse,  
 Or if she looke a squint, as I am true,  
 So *Venus* looks if she be blacke of hue,  
 Pale for the world like *Pallas* be she growne:  
 Yellow by heavens *Minerva* up and downe :  
 If she be tall, then for her height commend her,  
 She that is leane like Envy, tearme her slender :  
 She that is dwarfish, name her light and quick,  
 And call her well set, grubbed, thick:  
 She that is puffed like *Boreas* in the cheek,  
 Is but full fac'd, and *Daphne* she is like:  
 Thus qualifie their faults, not to disgrace them,  
 But in a higher ranke of beauty place them :  
 Or hapnest thou but of one dim of sight,  
 Wrinkle her brow, her grissled haire turn'd white,  
 Her nose and chin halfe meet, she would take scorne  
 To tell who Counsell was when she was borne.  
 Then if to such thy love thou wilt engage,  
 Looke that at no time thou dost aske her age.  
 Though she wants teeth, & have a flattering tongue,  
 Yet she takes paines for to be counted young.  
 This is the age young men that brings the gaine,  
 And plenteous haruest of the spring-tides paine :  
 Imploy your selves then in your youth and strength,  
 Age with a soft pace steales on you at length.

Spend

Spend thou thy youth at sea, or till the land,  
 Or take a warlike weapon in thy hand,  
 Follow the warres, siege townes, lye in trenches:  
 Or if not so, then learne to love faire wenches:  
 It is a warfare too, when men are trained,  
 And even by this imployment wealth is gained:  
 Such discipline, such practice must be used  
 By us, as those who hostile armes have chused.  
 Some women by their industry and paines,  
 The losse of yeares recovers and regaines:  
 Times speedy course is by their Art contrould,  
 They can preserve themselves from seeming old,  
 Their amorous pastimes, and lascivious playes,  
 They shape and fashion many thousand wayes:  
 With sundry pleasures they their trade commixe,  
 And every severall day devise new tricks.  
 They can provoke the appetite and please it,  
 Conjure the spirit up, and straight appease it:  
 But these rich feasts of sweets which they prepare,  
 Women and men should both of even hand share;  
 I hate the bed that yeelds not mutuall ioyes,  
 And that's the cause I love not iugling boyes,  
 I hate her denyes, no spirit will use,  
 Feelding no more than what she cannot chuse,  
 I like not pleasure, though I like the beauty,  
 Lasses of love performe not, but of duty:  
 Duty away, I banish thee the place,  
 Where mutuall lovers mutuall sweets embrace,  
 Let me the musicke of her soft voyce heare,  
 Whispering her ravisht pleasures in my care,  
 To bid me on then pause, proceed, then stay,  
 And tyred with that to try some other way.  
 Let me behold her eyes turne up the whites,  
 Now to be rapt, now languish in delights.

These

These prodigall pleasures nature hath not given  
 To the first age a little before seven.  
 The wine that from the unripe grape is prest  
 Is tart and sower, the mellow wine tastes best:  
 The palme-tree, till it hath a well growne rinde,  
 Cannot withstand the violence of the wind;  
 The mead new mowne doth prike the feet that's  
 I grant th at young *Hermione* was faire, (bare.  
 But to preferre the girle before her mother,  
 The beauteous *Hellen* neither one nor other  
 Can so blaspheme, heres *Gorge* some adore her,  
 But who praile her before the Saint that bore her.  
*Now I suppose ripe fruits I must approve,*  
*And in my thoughts I cover mellowed love.*  
*Ton bed new toft, behold where it discovers,*  
*The curtaines being drawne, two wanton lovers:*  
*There stay my muse, no further now proceed,*  
*Without thy helpe they both can speake and speed,*  
*Without thy helpe kinde words will quickly passe,*  
*Betwixt the Lover and his amorous Lasse.*  
*Without thy helpe, thy hands will nimbly creep,*  
*And in each ticklish place their office keepe.*  
*Nay every finger will it selfs imploy,*  
*To adde increase to thy imperfect ioy.*  
 Handling those parts where love his darts doth hide,  
 This valiant *Hector* with his wife hath try'd:  
*Andromache* to this of force must yeeld,  
 His valour was not one'y for the field;  
 This stout *Achilles* of his love desired,  
 When with the slaughter of his enemies tired,  
 He daught his cushes, and unarm'd his head,  
 To tumble with her on a Doune soft bed;  
 Thou didst rejoyce *Driscis* to embrace  
 His bruised corpes, and kisse his blood-staind face:

These

This warlick hand that did but late embrew  
 Themselves in blood of *Trojans* whom they slew,  
 Were now imploy'd to tickle, touch, and feele,  
 And shake a Lance that hath no point of steele:  
 Believe me, for I speake as I have tasted,  
 The sports of *Venus* are not to be hasted.  
 They should be rather by degrees prolonged:  
 By too much speed much oft the sport is wronged.  
 When thou by chance hast hit upon the place,  
 Which being touch a Girle still hides her face:  
 Forbeare not though she blush, and spring, and kick,  
 And tumbling shew thee many a gamball trick:  
 Thou shalt behold her straightly still amazed,  
 Her eyes with a lascivious tincture glazed,  
 Affording a strange kind of humid light,  
 As when the Moone in water shines by night.  
 Let neither amorous words cease their enchanting  
 Murmure, nor whispering sounds of joyes wanting:  
 Yea, there let every sweet content resort,  
 Every word, deed, and thoughts that further sport.  
 Let not thy Mistris use too swift a faile,  
 Nor let thy haste beyond her speed prevaile:  
 Both keepe one course, your oares together strike,  
 Your journies on then, make your pace alike:  
 Together strive at once, win to the marke,  
 You may no question grope it in the darke:  
 Then is the fulnesse of all sweet content,  
 When both at once strive, both at once are spent.  
 Such course observe when as the time is free,  
 And that no jealous eyes attend on thee:  
 Being secure, no future danger neare,  
 Then thou maist boldly dally without feare:  
 But if thou beest not safe, and hast short leasure,  
 Doubtfull to be disturb'd amidst thy pleasure,

Make

Make then what speed thou canst, use all thy force,  
 And clap a sharpe spurre to a jade pack-horse,  
 My *werke* is at an end, thy palme bring me,  
 And let the Myrtle garland be my fee.  
 How much renowned great *Pollidorus* was,  
 That all the *Greekes* in *Physicke* did surpasse.  
 As famous as great *Nestor* for his age,  
 Or strong *Achylles* for his warlick rage:  
 As much extoll'd as *Calchas* for his charmes,  
 Or *Telemonius Ajax* by his Armes,  
 As for his Chariot skill *Antomedon*,  
 So great in love shall I be centur'd on.  
 Canonize me your Poet, give me praise,  
 And crown my temples with fresh wreaths of bayes:  
 Let this my laud in every mouth be sung, (rung:  
 And my fames clangor through the whole earth  
 I give you armour, such god *Vulcan* framed,  
 So great *Achylles* he his enemies tamed:  
 And so doe ye, but whatsoere he be,  
 That by my armes subdue his enemy.  
 This Motto let him give, Loe here's a Lasse  
 Ey *Ovid* my Arts master conquer'd was:  
 Behold, yong Wenches likewise crave my skill,  
 They shall be next instructed by my Quill.

FINIS.

THE



# THE THIRD BOOKE.

**A**Rm'd with all points, the Greeke to field is gone,  
 To encounter with the naked *Amazon* :  
 Behold, like weapons in my power remains.  
 For the *Penthesilea* and thy traine,  
 Goe arm'd alike, fight, and they overcome  
 Whom sacred *Venus* favours, and her sonne.  
 It were not meet poore naked *Girls* should stand,  
 To encounter men provided hand to hand :  
 To conquer at such odds 'twere name for mee.  
 Oh but some say, why *Ovid* should thy Pen  
 Put poison into *Snakes*, or give to keepe  
 Vnto the ravenous Wolfe a foode of sheepe ?  
 Oh for some few offenders, doe not blame  
 All of their sexe ; let not a generall shame,  
 For some few falters their whole brood inherit,  
 But every one be censur'd as they merit.  
 Although the two *Atrides* hath their lives  
 Endangered both by falsehood of their wives :  
 Though false *Eriphile* her husband sold  
 To *Polonyces* for a chaine of Gold :  
 Yet did the faire *Penelope* live chaste,  
 While twice five yeares her royall Lord did waste :

In bloody battells, and as many more,  
 Wandring through every Sea and unknowne shore:  
 So did the chaste *Phyllacides*, and she,  
 That partner of her husbands griefe to be,  
 Went with him as his page a tedious way;  
 And in the travell dyed before her day.

O happy *Pheretides* thy wife  
 From death redeemed thee with her owne life:  
 Receive me oh yee flames, did *Iphias* cry,  
 And with my buried husband let me dye,  
 And with that word she skips into the fire:  
 All faire endowments that we can desire  
 Reigne in a womans breast, no marvaile then,  
 They with adorned vertues please us men:  
 But these chaste mindes my art enjoyne not;  
 A softer sayle will serve to guide my boat:  
 Nothing but wanton love flowes from my braines:  
 How pretty wenches may escape mens traines.

A woman neither flames nor swords will shun,  
 But through them both unto their sweet-heart run:  
 So will not men, poore girles by them are scoft,  
 Many times men faile, maids sometimes, not oft:  
 False *Iason* left *Medea* and her charmes,  
 To claspe another mistris in his armes.

As much as in thy power false *Theseus* lay,  
 So right *Ariadne* was a weefull prey;

To the sea Foules and Monsters left alone  
 In a remote place, friendlesse, and unknowne,  
 Many uncertaine wayes hath *Phyllis* gone,  
 Being forsaken of her *Demophoon*.

And though *Aeneas* had no surname good,  
 He left his sword to let out *Dido's* blood.

But what destray you, Ladies, can you tell,  
 You know not how to love or fashion well,

Your thoughts to art, Love artlesse stands unsure,  
 Art with love tempered is strong to endure:  
 Nor should we know it now, but that the Queene  
 Of sacred Love was in my vision seene:  
 And straightly charg'd me that I should impart,  
 To all the Sex the secret of my art:  
 For thus she spake, how have poore maids misdone,  
 That against armed men most naked runne.  
 Two books have given men weapons in their hands,  
 The whilst our fearefull Sex unarmed stands:  
 He that rebuk'd *Therapnes* lewd desire,  
 Since long her praises to a sweeter liue,  
 Thy selfe examine, canst thou doe them damage,  
 To whom in time thou maist performe due homage.  
 This having said, she tooke from off her brow  
 A mirtle wreath, for in a Mirtle bow,  
 Her haire wastwisted up, and gave to me  
 Of leaves and seeds a little quantity.  
 Straight in my braine I felt a power devine,  
 Whilft in the place a purer aere did shine;  
 And all the cares that hung about my heart,  
 Even at that instant I might feeble depart,  
 My wits are ripest, are wenchies come thicke,  
 Receive my precepts whilst my wits are quicke:  
 First thinke how old age hourly doth attend  
 To steale upon thee, so be sure to spend  
 No seasonally, thou art young, then play,  
 Yeares like the running waters glide away:  
 Thou canst not stay the floods in streames so fast,  
 Nor pull the houres backe when they are past:  
 Make use of time, for time is swift and fleet,  
 Nor can the following good be all so sweet  
 As the first pleasure was; have I not seene,  
 This now a withered stalle, once fresh and green:

From



From that bare throne within these many howers  
 I had a Chaplet of sweet-smelling flowers :  
 The time shall come, when thou that dost exclude,  
 Such Lovers from thy doores as would intrude,  
 Shall on an empty pillow throw thy head,  
 Stretching thy stiffe limbs on a frosty bed :  
 Nor in the night shalt thou be rais'd up late,  
 By such as knock and thunder at the gate.  
 Nor in the morning, when the Cock hath crowed,  
 Find porch and threshold with fresh Roses strowed.  
 Aime how soone doth thy cleare colour fade,  
 How quickly wrinkles in thy skin are made :  
 Looke on thy looke, and thou wilt sadly sweare,  
 Age hath too soone snowed on thy golden haire.  
 Snakes throw their age off when they change their  
 skinne,  
 Harts, when they cast their heads, fresh strength  
 begin,  
 And's given to them: when that in age ye grow,  
 Ye have no heads to cast, no skins to throw.  
 Your good flies helpless, therefore pluck the flower,  
 Which being gathered, withers in an hower.  
 In many child-birth age is quickly crept,  
 Fields soone grow leane, that are so often reapt.  
 You see *Endymion* by the Moone lov'd still,  
 Nor doth she blush thereat: and by thy will,  
*Aurora*, thou wouldst ever have the name  
 Of *Cephalus* thy deare, nor think' it shame.  
 And to conceale thee *Adonis*, whose *Herse*  
*Venus*, her selfe hung many a Tragick Verse.  
 Tell us by whom you Queene borne of the sea,  
 Had you *Aeneas* and *Hermione*.  
 Oh mortall generation, follow these,  
 And practise after them being gooddesies.

Doe not deny your ravishing pleasures, when  
 They are besought you by desirous men.  
 Tell me what lose you by it, what thou hast,  
 Thou art possesst of still, and feel'st no waste :  
 Take thence a thousand sweets, be not affraid,  
 Thou keep'st thy owne, and nothing is decay'd.  
 Stones are by use made soft, Iron worne to drosse,  
 That never weares, and therefore find no losse.  
 Who will deny us at a Torch being light,  
 To light a Taper till it burnes as bright ?  
 Or who would strive in their owne power to keepe,  
 All the spare billows in the vasty deepe ?  
 Yet will a woman plead, her love is rare,  
 And in her plenty she hath nought to spare.  
 Oh tell me why so strange a doubt thou mak'st,  
 Dost thou but lose the water that thou tak'st ?  
 If speake not this to prostrate every one,  
 But lest you feare vaine loss, where losse is none.  
 Now greater gusts my swelling saile must straine,  
 Being from the shoare new lancht into the maine :  
 First with their neatnesse I begin ; the Vine  
 Well trim'd and prun'd affords us choice of Wine ;  
 And in a field well till'd the Corne grows tall,  
 Shape is the gift of God, none amongst you all,  
 But in their shapes take pride, nay, there be many  
 Proud of their favour, when they scarce have any.  
 Proportion even the greatest number want :  
 But care supplies where Nature hath bin scant ;  
 Care makes the face, the face a while neglected,  
 Will grow to ruine, and be nought respected.  
 The Virgins of the old time had this care,  
 Their bodies and their beauties to repaire,  
 Else had the men of former ages pent  
 Their yeares without the wanted ornaments.

If you behold *Andromache* goe clad,  
 In manly robes, no marvaile, for she had  
 A souldier to her Husband ; if you see  
 The wife of *Ajax* yet it valiantly,  
 Nor marvaile, for she was his wife that bare  
 A shield of seven Oxe-heads thick tan'd with haire.  
*The world was plaine, simple, and rude of old,*  
*But now abundant Rome dath flow with gold,*  
*And shines in glory with the bright reflection :*  
*All the worlds wealth is under their subiection.*  
 Behold the Capitoll, and thou wilt say,  
 In these great Jove hath choos'd to live for aye :  
 This gorgeous Court and Councell-house was framed  
 Out of meere stubble when King *Latius* reigned.  
 These gorgeous Pallaces that against the Sunne,  
 Did glitter and shine when they first begun,  
 A pasture for draught Oxen : let them cease, (please :  
 Their thoughts with ancient times, whom old times  
 I thanke the gods I in this age was borne,  
 These times my humour fits, old dayes I scorne :  
 Not because Gold in the earth veines are sought,  
 Or shels, or stones, from forraigne shoares are brought ;  
 Not because Marble from the hills is dig'd,  
 Or voyage-ships round knowne Seas are rig'd :  
 But because rudenesse to the gates is sent,  
 And this our age is full of ornament.  
 Hang in your eares bright stones be not to deare,  
 Such *Indies* cast up, and are sold you here.  
 Neatnesse we love, your haire in order eye,  
 To keepe in within Law thy hands apply :  
 Thy hands mishap'd keepe still, and by her care  
 Thou mayst or seeme deformed, or wondrous faire.  
 Nor is there onely one kind of attire,  
 The fashion that becomes thee best, desire.

Prove every shape, but ere it current passe,  
 See thou before take counsell from thy Lasse.  
 A long and leane visage best allowes,  
 To have the haire part just above the browes:  
 So *Laodamia*, firnamed the faire,  
 Vs'd when she walk'd abroad, to tresse her haire.  
 A round plumpe face must have her trammels ty'd  
 In a fast knot above her front to hide  
 The wyar supporting it, whilst either eare  
 Bare, and in sight, upon each side appeare.  
 Yon Ladies locks about her shoulders fall,  
 And her loose ware becomes her best of all.  
 So *Phaebus* look't when last he toucht his Lute,  
 The other Lady doth her habite suit,  
 With chaste *Diana* being trickt to goe  
 To strike the savage Boare or tamelesse Roe:  
 She when her haire hangs loose, hath greatest pride,  
 This best becomes her when her locks are ty'd.  
 Yon when her head tire's like a Tortoise shell,  
 Is tooft and vawted well, beseemes it well.  
 More leaves the Forrest yelds not from the trees,  
 More beast the Alpes breed not, nor *Hibla* Bees,  
 Than there be fashions of attire in view,  
 Every succeeding day addes something new:  
 Many become their tires best when they weare,  
 In stead of sprucenesse a neglected haire;  
 And being comb'd but now, yet thou shalt say,  
 Her haire hath not bin toucht since yester day.  
 Art doth much change, so did *Aloides* see,  
 So attir'd, and said this wench for me.  
 So *Inosis* whom the god of Grapes commended,  
 When by his shewing *Satyres* being attended,  
 He found her plac'd locks by the coole wind shifted,  
 With scattered haire her to his Coach he listd.

How much, oh nature, are we bound to thee,  
 That findes for every griefe a remedy?  
 And as our shapes and colour suffer crosse,  
 Yet thou hast in thee to repaire that losse.  
 Say that by age, or some great sicknesse had,  
 Thy head with wonted haire be thinly clad:  
 Falling away like corne from ripened sheaves,  
 As thicke as *Boreas* blowes downe *Autumne* leaves.  
 By *Germane* herbs, thou maist thy haire restore,  
 And hide the bare scalp that was bald before:  
 Women have knowne this Art, and of their crew,  
 Many false colours buy to hide the true.  
 And multitudes, yea, more than can be told,  
 Walke in such haire as they have bought for gold,  
 Haire is good Mechandise, and growne a trade,  
 Markers and publicke trafficks thereof made:  
 Nor doe they blush to cheapen it among  
 The thickest number, and the rudest throng.  
 Nay, even before *Alcides* sacred flames,  
 And in the presence of the vestall Dames:  
 To leave their haire, and speake of their attire,  
 I do not trailes or purfled guards desire,  
 Nor robes of blush scarlet prized hye,  
 Whose wooll is twice dipt in the *Tirian* dye:  
 Looke but abroad and thou maist in a tree,  
 Finde lighted colours, and of farre lesse price.  
 Were it not madnesse thou in scorne of lacke,  
 Should weare at once thy whole wealth on thy back:  
 Behold the colour of the azure aire,  
 When in a cloudlesse day the skye is faire:  
 And the South winde bring on the earth no showres,  
 As once it did what time one flow deuoures:  
*Phrixus* and *Hellis*, such a colour chuse,  
 Tis neat, and cheap, but costly dyes refuse:

That pretty colour intimates the waves,  
 And from their sea Greene drops a name it craves.  
 In this the yong *Nymphes* went apparrel'd most,  
 This *Saffron* intimates of no great cost,  
 And yet she goes attir'd in *Saffron* weeds,  
 That every morning decks faire *Phæbus* steeds,  
 Else such a die as *Paphian Myrtles* yeeld,  
 Or purple *Ametystos*, or a held,  
 Where nothing save the Milke-white *Roses* grow :  
 Or of that hew the *Thracian Cranes* doe show.  
 Let not faire *Amaryllis* wanting be,  
 Thy ackhorns or thy bloomes of *Almond* tree,  
 All these of severall colours juyce be full,  
 And with the severall colours staine the wooll :  
 So many sundry flowers as the fresh Spring  
 In spight of Winters horrid rage doth bring  
 To deck the eath, with full so many hues  
 The thirsty earth doth drinke, and none refuse.  
 'Mongst which faire women our of your affections,  
 Chuse them that shall become best your cöplections :  
 She that is browne, let her attire be white,  
*Briſcus* weare a robe of colour light,  
 When she was ravish't : others that are faire,  
 Let their attires be black as *Sables* are.  
 Swarthy *Andromeda* weare a milke-white smock,  
 When she was ty'd halfe naked to the Rock,  
 Lest you be scene so, let no ranknesse grow,  
 Betwixt your armes and shoulders let none show.  
 Of rough and ragged haïres there may appeare  
 Vpon your legs and thighes, but not too neare.  
 I doe not teach yong Maids by *Caucaſe* bred,  
 Or such as drinke of *Rifus*, but insted  
 Of barbarous truls to you brave girlies of *Rome*,  
 Doe I direct my phraſe, and to your dome :

I now instruct you then your teeth to fret,  
 Lest in their use some furdnesse they doe get :  
 To wrince your mouths in water you have wit,  
 To apprehend my words betimes so fit :  
 And in the morning take away the slime,  
 Which makes the white teeth subject to such crime;  
 Let such whose blood is black and swart,  
 Whom nature reds not, make them red by Art.  
 Art likewise fills the wrinkles in the browes,  
 A skinne of dy'd red leather Art allowes,  
 To rub your faces with, nor hold it shame,  
 To kindle in your eyes a sparke of flame,  
 It may be done with saffron, which like corne,  
 Grows neare bright *Cyduas* wheras thou wert born.  
 I haue a little booke, in substance small,  
 And yet a worke of weight, writ to you all.  
 The Treatise is unto your generall graces,  
 How you by Art may best preserve your faces:  
 You whose rare beauties have receiv'd a skarre,  
 Seek thence your helps, receipts there written are,  
 You may there find how to restore your bloods.  
 My Art was never idle to your goods.  
 Beware lest that by chance your boxes lie  
 Vpon the table, and your Loves passe by:  
 Throw them aside, Art spreads her safest net  
 When she is with most cunning counterfeit.  
 Spill not thy drugs alike in every place,  
 They will offend such as behold thy face,  
 Corrupting the beholder with such motion,  
 As should he see thy garments stand with lotion.  
 How doth the greasie *franke wools* smell offend,  
 Though we for it as farre as *Athens* send,  
 Yet is it good for use, not before men,  
 Use thou Deares marrow good for medicine.

To keepe  
their teeth

Cheekes.

Not.

Nor before men in presence, rub thy teeth;  
 They both are good, yet harsh to them that seeth:  
 Many things which in doing we detest,  
 Being once done, they oft-times please us best:  
 These stately pillars in iron carv'd and wrought,  
 Were a confused rocke; this ring now brought  
 To that good forme, was once unfashioned Ore,  
 The costly cloth thou wearest, a rough sheep bore:  
 The curious picture of faire *Venus* was,  
 Before the cutting, an unpolish't masse.  
 Minde thou thy beauty when we thinke thee sleeping,  
 Thy hand, thy boxe, thy glasse, their office keeping:  
 Why should I know why thou art growne so faire?  
 Shut fast the forge were beauties joyned are.  
 For many things there are men should not know,  
 The greatest part of them if you should show,  
 They should offend them much: spare not to shroud  
 The doing, though the thing done be allow'd.  
 The golden ensignes yonder spreading farre,  
 Which waite, them to the gorgeous Theater:  
 See what thin leaves of gold foyle guild the wood,  
 Making the columes seeme all masse good:  
 Yet are the audience of all sight debarred,  
 Untill the shewes and sights be full prepared:  
 So in thy preparation make this note,  
 Still make thee ready in a place remote:  
 Yet sometimes, if thy head be wondrous faire,  
 Even before men 'tis good to combe thy haire:  
 The haire a beauty hath which much besots,  
 Being tyed & wreathed in pleats & comely knots.  
 Be not too tedious in thy art applying,  
 Be quicke both in the fastning and untying:  
 Still when thou goest to dresse thy selfe be safe,  
 That those fullen pettish things that chafe



At every idle crosse who scratch and bite,  
 And with their nailes and bodkins pinch and fight,  
 Wounding themselves in anger, ren ing, tearing  
 The wyers, the tyres, the ruffes which they be wea-  
 She that is badly haired, let her before (ring.  
 She dresse her selfe, set watch still at the doore,  
 Vpon the suddain 'twas my chance one day,  
 To presse into the place where my sweet-heart lay,  
 When wondring she unwares was thrust upon,  
 Snatcht up her haire, and put the wrong side on.  
 Like cause of shame let come unto my foe,  
 And such disgrace unto the *Parthians* goe,  
 A scalded breast, fields that no grasse will beare,  
 Trees without leaves, and heads that have no haire,  
 Are odious to the eye, none of you three,  
*Europa*, *Leda*, or faire *Senele*,  
 Were subject to this want, or me did need  
 The helpe of Physick in this point to reed.  
 Nor *Hellen* thou, whom with advisement deepe,  
*Menelaus* askes, the *Troian* still doth keepe.  
 The wanton wenches in full troopes passe hither,  
 Good, bad, faire, foule, of all sorts flock together,  
 And come to be instructed, amongst which  
 Oft-times the faire be poore, the foule be rich:  
 And yet the fairest have of me least need.  
 Their beauty is a dowre that doth exceed  
 My precepts farre; the sea being calme and cleare,  
 The secure sea-man all his sailes may beare:  
 But when it swells, and is disturb'd apart,  
 The troubled Pilot must try all his Art.  
 Of every little mole be thou not squeamish,  
 'Tis hard to finde a face that hath no blemish:  
 Yet shalt thou seeke to hide the least disgrace,  
 Either in thy proportion or thy face.

If thou beest short, thy stature hide by wit,  
 Still sit, lest standing thou beest tooke to sit,  
 And stretch thy legs at length out in thy bed,  
 Lest that thy stature there be measured.  
 Love Dwarfses, observe my words, I hold it meet,  
 To have some garment throwne upon thy feet :  
 Shee that is wearish, and no clothes can fill,  
 Her double platted gowne must fit by skill  
 To make her portly, whilst a Robe unbound  
 From her two shoulders falls upon the ground.  
 She that is pale, with Purple staine her cheekes ;  
 She that is bliske, the fish of Pharoes seekes.  
 A splay mishipen foote in white shooes hide,  
 And let dryed legs weare a rich Garter tide.  
 Let such whose shoulder-blades stand much in sight,  
 Weare bolster'd gownes to make them seeme upright.  
 About a faint and slender body weare  
 A flannell swathband, or warme stomacher :  
 Such whose fat hands are itchy in the joynt,  
 When they discourse, let them not use to point. (sting  
 Youth it have stinking breaths, must not speake fa-  
 But helpe themselves by some good breakfast taking;  
 Else chew a Clove, the strength of it to breake,  
 Or keepe some distance off still when you speake :  
 Or if thy teeth in wide uneven rankes grow,  
 Or be they gag'd, blacke, or too great in show ;  
 Rot, lost, or that the fashion disageereth,  
 Beware of laughing, laughing shews the teeth :  
 Who would believe this wonder, yet 'tis true,  
 Maids may be taught to laugh, and to eschew  
 Uncomely mouths, and harsh tricks of the face,  
 In laughing is much uncomeliness and grace.  
 Be moderate in thy fearing, there's a feat  
 To be observ'd in that make not too great.

The hollow pits mirth digs in every cheek,  
 To hide thy gummes let both thy red lips meet:  
 Nor doe thou stretch thy entrailes by constraining  
 Thy selfe unto loud laughter, neither faining  
 A more familiar gesture with voice flat:  
 Sound out a womanish noise, I know not what.  
 Looke but on them that with loud yalling force,  
 Antick and perverse faces, what shews worse?  
 And there is such a coile with wry mouths kept,  
 That whē they laugh, a man would sweare they wept.  
 Many with untun'd clamours hoarse and shrill,  
 Ball as the slow Assē brayes out of the Mill.  
 What cannot Art? women are taught to weepe,  
 And in their looks a sober forme to keepe:  
 To shape their eyes according to their passion,  
 Both at what time they please, and in what fashion.  
 Is there no grace in lisping to be found,  
 To give true words a forg'd imperfect sound?  
 Robbing the tongue his office in some part,  
 Even in depraving words is sometimes art.  
 Many that by my words my meaning scan,  
 Are taught to speake lesse perfect than they can.  
 Weigh these my words according to their worth,  
 And these being con'd, take other Lessons forth:  
 Learne how with womanish pace to use your gait,  
 In every step there is a kind of state.  
 Nor is there ought that yet my Art discovers,  
 Which with more violence drawes or drives backe Lo-  
 Behold, yon Ladies gate the rest out-strips, (vers.  
 See with what cunning she doth move her hips,  
 And in the p. ide of steps how the cold winde  
 Smells her loose vailles before her, and behind.  
 This like the blushing wife of Vember paceth,  
 Her full view'd legs at every stride she graceth.

Long

How farre  
to appeare  
bare.

Sing.

Long measured steps doe fit the state of some,  
Others a moderate pace doth best become.  
As farre as where the armes and shoulders parts,  
Appeare thou bare, to wound the amorous hearts  
Of wanton youths ; this fashion understand,  
'Longs to the faire, not such whose skins be tan'd.  
Such sights have made me ere now, I protest,  
To kisse her neck, her shoulders, and her brest.  
The *Sirens* are Sea-monsters, whose sweet notes  
Drawes to their tunes the wandring ships and boats:  
And if their eares with waxe they doe not stop,  
They are charm'd to leape up from the hatches top.  
Song is a faire endowment, a sweet thing,  
A praisefull gift, then women learne to sing.  
Hard favour'd Girles by songs have wonne such gra-  
cet,

Their sweet shrill tongues have prov'd bands to their  
faces.

Sometimes rehearse a speech brought from the play,  
Or else peruse some Poeme in thy way.  
Of Musick I would have thee know the skill,  
With thy right hand to use a *Rebeck's* quill;  
Or with thy left a Harpe: when *Orpheus* plaid,  
The beasts and trees, and stones to dance he made:  
And in his way to Hell no Fiend durst stirre,  
Nor Tartar-power, nor triple-headed Curre.  
Thou that so justly didst thy mother punish,  
Didst by thy Musick-skill the World astonish:  
In these sweet walkes that were by Musick reard,  
By every touch sweet Harmony is heard.  
The armed Dolphin is by nature mute,  
Yet did he lift *Arion* to the Lute:  
Learne musick then, and hope to play upon,  
The double-handed sweet *saltirion*.

Read

Read Poetry, the workes of *Cous* seek,  
 Or great *Callimacchus* that writ in Greek:  
 The laboured lines of *Bacchus* Poet get,  
 Read what lascivious *Sapho* else doth write,  
 For what more wanton workes than *Sapho* live,  
 See what delight to thee *Proportus* gives:  
 Or if thy further leasure serve thee, looke  
 In *Gallus* workes, or in *Tibullus* booke.  
 Or *Varro* that of *Phrixus* and his neece,  
 The Legend writ, and of the golden fleece:  
 Or read *Aeneas* banishment from *Troy*,  
 Th'originall of *Rome*, *Rome* doth enjoy:  
 No bookes more famous happ'ly to my gracc,  
 Some one may say, thou *Ovid* hast a place  
 Amongst the rest, thou and thy lines may sound  
 To after times, not be in *Lethe* drown'd.  
 Some one may say, perchance our Master read  
 The book he last drew with a double head:  
 Or those three bookes which he *Amorum* calls,  
 Entituling them of love, which of them falls  
 Into thy handling first, that doe thou chuse  
 And lovingly my loving lines pursue,  
 Or with a compos'd voyce my *Cantons* sing:  
 The use of these Loves Mistris first did ring  
 To other, yet unknowne; oh *Phæbus* grant  
 Grant this ye gods, whom sacred Poets haunt:  
 With their oblations grant these powers divine,  
 Thou god of grapes, and you, oh *Muses* nine:  
 Who doubts but I would have you learne to dance,  
 Measure and Galliards shall your name advance,  
 Command your hands and armies that they agree  
 Unto the motion of the foote and knee,  
 In moving of the body, hand, and side,  
 The commicke Actor cannot take more pride,

Not

Nor use more at the comlineſſe of either,  
 Concurres, and I compare them both together.  
 Learne trivall ſports ; but oh your Poet ſhames  
 To bid you be experienc'd in ſome games :  
 Yet 'long they to my Art, then be not nice  
 To learne to play at Cockall, or at dice ;  
 How to caſt lots and chances, how to gheſſe,  
 To play at draughts, at Tables, or at Cheſſe ;  
 To uſe a Racker, or to roſſe a ball,  
 At ſet game, or at that we bandy call :  
 To paſſe the night at Balliards, till eleven,  
 At pickſpandy, cards, or odde or even.  
 Play prepares love, your ſkill is not ſo needfull,  
 As ought to be your lookes and carriage heedfull  
 Your greateſt cunning is with Art to frame  
 The geſture and the countenance in the game :  
 Game makes us earneſt, if we play with care,  
 Then with our open thoughts our breſt lies bare ;  
 And ſtraight we brawle and ſcold, a grievous ſtaine,  
 Oh theſe be monſtrous faults to chide and raile,  
 Or to blaſpheme the gods when our lucke faile :  
 To vow to ſwear with proteſtations deepe  
 And in the heare of play to fret or weepe.  
 Great love himſelfe from you theſe crimes expell,  
 Who covers ſuitors and to pleaſe them well.  
 Natures theſe trivall ſports to women lends  
 A freer ſcope of paſtimes ſhe extends,  
 By much unto us men, for ſo wee may  
 Scourge tops, ſling darts, and at the foot-ball play,  
 Vault, ride, and teach the horſe to trot the ring,  
 Frequent the Fence ſchoole, practice armes, leape,  
 Nor can you march, or muſter on the ſea, (ſpring :  
 Or like the Merchant venturer goe to ſea :

Walke may you sometimes under *Pompeus* shade;  
 To *Plæbus* Pallace to the place was made:  
 For novell triumph to the *Memphien* fawne,  
 To the goat-field where Charrlots are still drawne  
 To the warme bleeding altar, some preferres  
 Before all these the three brave Theaters:  
 Thus cover to be scene, unseen, unprov'd,  
 What is not viewed and knowne cannot be lov'd,  
 What profit were it to have beaütious been:  
 If thy admir'd face were never seen.  
 Say you more skilde in shopes than *Orpheus* were,  
 Or *Thamiras*, sath if men cannot beare.  
 How should your musicke please; *Appelles* painted  
*Tenus* in Cois, lest her fame had fainted,  
 And dyed in *Lethe*, he redeem'd her name;  
 What hunt the sacred Poets for but fame?  
 Onely for fame their labouring spirits they send;  
 Of all the votes fame is the scope and end.  
 But see what alterations rude time brings,  
 Poets of old were the right hand of Kings,  
 Large was their gifts, supream was their regard,  
 Their meetred fames with feare and reverence heard;  
 Honour, and state, and sacred majesty  
 Belong'd to such as studied Poetry.  
 Eninus by *Scipio* that great man was sought,  
 And from the mountaine of *Calabria* brought:  
 Unhonoured now the *Ivy* Garland lies,  
 The ancient worship done to Poets dyes:  
 Yet we should strive our owne fames to awake,  
 Homer a living lasting worke did make,  
 His *Iliads* cal'd, else who had Homer knowne,  
 Had *Danas* in her tower an old wife growne,  
 And never unto publicke view resorted,  
 How had her beauty beene so farre reported?

You that applause would for your beauty win,  
 Be oft abroad, and keepe not too much in.  
 At the full folds the shee wolfe seeks her prey,  
 Though amongst all she steales but one away :  
*Joves* Bird the Eagle, when she soares most high,  
 To seaze on fowle doth at the Cony flye.  
 Frequent you faire ones where men may you see,  
 Mongst many one best part will fancy thee,  
 In every place where thou shalt chance to sit,  
 Lose none by frownes whom thou by smiles maist  
 The Bow of *Cupid* never stands unbent, (get:  
 And oftentimes things fall by accident:  
 Be thou prepar'd, hang alwayes out thy hook;  
 For in that streame where thou no fish wouldst look,  
 A fish by chance may bite, oft have I scene (becne,  
 The wandering hound range where no game hath  
 And harts that scape the chace whē no mā minds thē,  
 Fall in the toyles, and there the Keeper findes them.  
*What* hope hadst thou *Andromeda* being bound  
 Vnto a rocke, a lover to have found,  
 Being prepar'd for death, beset with feares,  
 Blubbed thy cheeks, thy eye quite drown'd in tears:  
 At buriall of one husband, well I wot,  
 Another husband hath beene oft-times got,  
 Weeping for him that's lost, may hap to grace thee,  
 And in the bosome of a second place thee:  
 But in your choise especially beware  
 Of such effeminate men as starch their baire,  
 Pranke up themselves, who lispe and cannot leave it,  
 Love complément, and use to smell of Civit :  
 They have a thousand loves, what they protest  
 To thee, they'le doe as unto all the rest :  
 Unstaid such be, and what will women say,  
 When in their thoughts men are more light than they ?  
 Scarce



Scarce will they credit me, and yet 'tis true,  
 Troy had yet stood, and Ilium beene in view,  
 Had every thing beene swaid, as Priam spake,  
 But good advice they leave, false counsell take,  
 There are who under shew of love to fame,  
 And by each passage seeke dishonest gaine:  
 Let no mans haire deceive with powders sweet,  
 Nor studded girles which are short and meet:  
 Nor these fine womens coars, a slightly thing,  
 Nor that each finger beares a golden ring.  
 Perhaps who in this kinde most gallant goes,  
 Is a close thiefe, and loves nought but your clothes  
 Some Maids thus roab'd, so loud cry for their owne,  
 That all the Towne and Country heares their moane.  
 Venus, whose golden shrines at Apian stand  
 And Pallas laugh a good, these strifes in hand:  
 There are some maids too sure, but of bad fame,  
 Who oft deceiv'd, are thought to use the same.  
 One learne by others plaints to beare your owne,  
 Ope not your eares to men whose frauds are knowne.  
 Beleeve not Theseus Athens, though he sweare,  
 The gods can heare no more than they beare.  
 And thou Demophoon, Theseus falsehood haire:  
 Phillis deceived mores trost by speeches faire.  
 If men make promises, then maids make you,  
 If men performe, performe your vowed joyes too.  
 Now Ile come neare, Muse take faster hold,  
 Nor lose thy seat, the wheelles though swiftly rold  
 Men frame them set maids vowes some else where  
 Let some maids take their course for it were fit. (write  
 Look on them, read them frō the words then gather,  
 Whether he faines, or sues entirely rather:  
 After some while write back, ever detaies  
 Inflames a lover, so no tedious staves.

Shew not the plaint, to the youth denyes,  
 Nor yet deny him what by suite he plies;  
 Let both feare and hope by every letter,  
 Be his fearelesse, his hope comes sure and better;  
 Be your phrase pure, but common usuall words,  
 In speech the plainest stile best grace affords:  
 Full oft ambiguous words love so mi place,  
 And a foule tongue hath hurt a beaurious face:  
 But since although you yet not married be,  
 To goe beyond us men that care take ye.  
 By maids or some knowne lad your letters send,  
 And to no strange young man letters commend.  
*I have seene some maids so terrifide with this,*  
*That ever after they were slaves I wisse;*  
*Faithlesse is he who keepes such tokens backe,*  
*And burnes like Aetna till he ope the packe:*  
*Trust me, we may with fraud quit fraud againe,*  
*From force to shield, from force the Lawes maintaine.*  
*One maid must use her selfe to many hands,*  
*Ill might be speed whose shift this rule commands.*  
*Defate the old scale when you doe reply,*  
*And to one writing but one hand apply;*  
*Subscribe your letters thus: thine in all love,*  
*Be his, as he was yours, this art approve.*  
 If from small thing we may to greater goe,  
 And in our ship spread our full saile to show,  
 It longs to beauty to have manners mild,  
 Sweete pace fits women fierce rage savage wilde.  
 Rage swels the face, the veins make black with blood  
 The eyes blase ghast y, like fell Gorgon's brood,  
 Away quoth she, I prize not feature so,  
 Pallis should view her face, where waters flow,  
 And should you looke your anger in your glasse,  
 You would scarce discern your visage whose it was.

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UM

Nor doe we lesse blame proud and lofty looks,  
 Gentle and humble eyes are *Cupids* hooks,  
 We men doe hate this over-weening pride,  
 Shew in the silent face, trust him hath tride.  
 View him, viewes you, if men, then women smile,  
 Signes make to you, make signes, 'twill men beguile.  
 Thus while he playes before with headlesse dart,  
*Cupid* hath after wounded to the heart.  
 We hate men said *Alax*, *Tremessa* take,  
 We merry *Greeks* blith wenches sweet-hearts make :  
*Andromache*, *Tremessa*, all your state,  
 Could not move me to chuse you for my mate ;  
 Take gifts of rich men, who doe law professe,  
 Give him no fee, be his clyent, neede the lesse :  
 We that make verse, let us send onely verse,  
 Our hearts are plyant, whose love soone doth pierce.  
 We spread abroad sweet beauty lasting praise,  
 We *Nemesis*, we *Cimrheas* honour raise :  
 The East and West land knew lov's *Licoris*,  
 And many aske who our *Cormina* is.  
 Besides, we Poets from all fraud are free,  
 And forward manners by our Poetry.  
 Nor honour us, nor love of many please,  
 We slight our games for privacy and ease,  
 Soone are we caught, our loves burn fierce and bold,  
 And where we love we know to well to hold :  
 So 'tis we soften nature by meeke art :  
 And as our studies, so our loves take part :  
 A favour maidens, a blest Poets will,  
 Heavens power we have, the Muses owne us still;  
 A god is in us, we commerce with *Iove*,  
 The spirit in us above your bright stars doth move.  
 To looke for more from us that a crime,  
 And yet no maids doe feare it in our time.

At first be not too eager, faine beware,  
 A novice lover flights an open snare :  
 Nor doe we ruse a horse new broke to backe,  
 With the same raines as he that's skild to racke :  
 To catch one staid in yeares, and a briske swaine,  
 Must not one way, may not one course beaine ;  
 He rude, and in loves tents ne're seene before,  
 Who as a new prey touch'd the chamber door,  
 Who knows no maid but thee, none else wold know,  
 This corne would be high fenced that it may grow:  
 If one, he is thy owne, no rivalls frowne,  
 Two things admits no mate, Love, and a Crowne.  
 That ancient souldiers wife and softly love,  
 And much that younger scornes, he meekly proves:  
 He'll breake no posts, nor burne with furious fire,  
 Nor scratch his Mistris soft cheeks in his ire:  
 He'll teare no cloathes, his Loves, nor yet his owne.  
 Nor shall his torne haire give him cause to mone :  
 These things fits youths, whose love as age is hot:  
 This beares harsh wounds gently as they were nor:  
 Old men burne softly, like a torch thats dry,  
 As woods from heath cut downe when first they lye,  
 Old mens love sure, youth short, but fruitfull made,  
 Maids plucke those fruits betimes, betimes which  
 Nay yeeld up all, ope the gates to our foe, (fade,  
 That faith from faithlesse treasure once more flow:  
 What's easie granted long love cannot feede,  
 (Deniall seech) our sports must oft proceed.  
 Let them walke at the gate, cry cruell doore,  
 Doe humbly much, but in their threats much more :  
 We loath these sweets, bitter love makes them new,  
 The wind oft drown'd the ship, by which it flew,  
 Tis this makes men their wives to slight so still,  
 They are ready prest when e're their husbands will.

Let

Let the maid run and cry we are undone,  
 And hide the sacred youth till feare be gone :  
 Yet sport him 'midst these feares, lest he misprise,  
 Your nights not so much worth such feares should  
 I had like to passe by what art to deceive (rise.  
 Your husband, and slye keeper to bereave.  
 Wives feare your husbands who must keepe you in,  
 Tis firme by Law, right modesty hath bin,  
 Her to keepe, whom late reuenge hath wrought,  
 Who can endure to avoid these meanes be sought :  
 As many keepe thee as bad Argos eyes,  
 If thou wilt out, thou shalt defeat with lyes.  
 Thou'le say your keeper doth withst and to write,  
 Take water for your selfe what time you might,  
 What can the keeper, when the Cities fill,  
 Of plaies and maids see horses runne that will.  
 When she will, a maid complaines her head,  
 And faining sicke, bides whom she will in bed,  
 When the false key tells plainly what is done,  
 And to her chamber are more waies than one.  
 Besides, a Keeper may be foxt with wine,  
 Prest from the grapes of Spaine, and so madethine;  
 And there be drugs which will cause a sound sleepe,  
 And shut the eyes fast drencht in Lethe deep.  
 You know maids to May quickly finde some way  
 By long made sports to hold him in delay.  
 But what need I for to goe farre about,  
 When one small gift may buy the keeper out :  
 Gifts trust me doe appease both gods and men,  
 By gifts even Ioue is pleased now and then.  
 What doe the wise, since fooles in gifts delight ?  
 Give, and the husband saies nought, say he might.  
 Hast bought thy keeper once, he's thine for ever,  
 The helpe he once affords he'le faile thee never.

Iblam'd companions, now it's come to minde,  
 The hurt by it, not men alone doe find.  
 Beleevē me, other maids thy joyes may taste,  
 And others with thee hunt the Hare as fast.  
 The wench that sweeps the chamber, makes the bed,  
 With sports of Love hath more than once beene sped.  
 Let not your waiting-maids be ever faire,  
 Their Mistresse place by them supplied arc.  
 Where runne I mad man, naked against my foe,  
 And ope those ports that may me overthrow :  
 The birds teach not the Fowler how to take them,  
 The Harts teach not the dogs to run and shake them;  
 Looke to't that need, my taske Ile doe indeed,  
 Though 'tis to lend a sword to make me bleed.  
 'Tis easie to make us thinke we are beloved,  
 Their faith which to desire is quickly moved;  
 Smile lovely on a youth, sigh from your heart,  
 Aske why he comes so late, a pretty art,  
 Shed some few tears, faine griefe for some close love,  
 And teare your haire, as doth your passions move,  
 He is over-come straight, pittie he will take,  
 And say his care is onely for my sake.  
*If he be spruce and looke faire in the glasse,*  
*He'le thinke the gods love him, let him not passe*  
*Who e're thou art, be not thy worth so strong,*  
*Nor rage not over-much, bath he done wrong?*  
 Trust not too soone what Art is in this case,  
 Procris may be example, have you grace.  
 Neare to Hymetus hill a holy well,  
 And a most ground thicke grasse the ancients tell:  
 The wood, but under wood about this land,  
 The Crab-tree, Rosemary, Bay, Myrtle stand;  
 The thicke leav'd Boxe, the Tamariske so small,  
 Low shrubs, neat Pines, there doe these trees grow all  
 The

The gentle West-winde, and the healthfull ayre,  
 Blow all those leaves & gras-blades which are there;  
*Cephalus* loved rest, his hounds and men forgon,  
 Weary in youth, this ground oft sate upon;  
 And thus he sings, thou which dost lay my heate,  
 Age my breast come gentle aire and beat.  
*One over-dutious told his fearefull wife,*  
*These words she heard, and so began the strife.*  
*Procris*, who for a strumpet tooke his care,  
 Fell downe, much moved with a suddaine feare,  
 Look how the Vine-leaf which you latest gather,  
 She lookt so pale, or farre more paler rather;  
 And the ripe Quins-tree which doth bend his boughs  
 On dog-tree fruit, which none for meat allowes.  
 Come to her selfe her garments quite she tore  
 From off her breast, and made her breast all gore,  
 And without stay, in rage and haste she goes,  
 Her haire about her necke like *Bacchus* froes:  
 Being neare the place her mate she leaves behind,  
 Steales slyly to the wood, no feare in mind.  
 Tis thus, thou thinkest now who this aire should be,  
 And her dishonest tricks thine eye shall see:  
 Her coming shames her now, she would not take her,  
 Yet now she's glad she's come, love doubtfull makes  
 The name, the place, the signe, all these agree, (her  
 And what the minde feares that it thinks to be.  
 Seeing the grassie so by some body prest,  
 Her tender heart knockt at her tender breast:  
 Now the mid-day had made the shadowes short,  
 The evening and the morne of equall port:  
 Young *Cephalus* returnes unto the wood,  
 And cooles his face with water as he stood.  
*Procris* stands close, on the grassie he laies him faire,  
 And cryes aloud, blow west winde, come sweet aire.

So

So soone as she had heard the eronious name,  
 Her mind and her true colour to her came :  
 She rises, with her body the leaves shake,  
 In minde to *Cephalus* her way to take :  
 He thought it some wild beast, snatch't up his bow,  
 His arrow in his right hand wont to show :  
*What dost thou wretch ? 'tis no beast, stay thy dart,*  
*Alas thy arrowes pierce a womans heart.*  
*She cries out, thou hast stroke thy loving breast,*  
*Upon this place thy wounds have ever rest.*  
*I dye before my time, not wrong'd in love,*  
*This earth made me suspect thee light to prove ;*  
*Aire take my breath, thee it was I did mistrust,*  
*I dye, close thou my eyes, lay me in the dust.*  
*She ended speech and life, and falling downe,*  
*Her husband takes her last breath from the ground.*  
*He beares his dying love in woefull armes,*  
*And wailes with teares so strange and deadly harmes :*  
 But let us backe, I see I must be plaine,  
 At the lost haven, that our ship may againe,  
 You looke now to be brought unto a feast,  
 And that we teach you heare is in the rest :  
 Come late, but comely brought in by night.  
 Thou shalt be welcome, so delay hath might :  
 Though thou be blacke thou shalt seeme faire to all  
 The night will hide thy faults both great and small.  
 Eate neately with your fingers att commands,  
 Wipe not thy whole face with thy dirty hands.  
 Eate not too long, leave ere you would forbear,  
 More then thou wilt canst doe, this counsaile hear e.  
 Were *Hellen* greedy, *Paris* would her hate,  
 And say my rape is foolish out of date.  
 To drinke is co nely, and more fit for you,  
*Bacchus* doth well with *Venus*, this is true.

Drinke



Drinke, but yet no more than you well can beare,  
 And what is one, let it not to appeare :  
 A shamefull thing to see a woman drunke,  
 Such a one is fit to be each base knaves punke:  
 Nor is it safe to sleepe the Tables drawne,  
 Much shamefull things haue in your sleep bin sawne :  
 'Tis shame to teach you more, yet Diou saies,  
 Shame is the chiefest abiect of these layes :  
 Each know your selves as you your bodyes see,  
 So frame your lying in forme that it may be :  
 Whose face is beaurious she must lye upright,  
 Whose backe is best that stilt must be in sight :  
 Atlantues thighes upon his shoulder more,  
 Meuation be these best, shew thee the more.  
 Low maids must ride, Thebais was somewhat long,  
 Ne're sate on Hectors Horse her pride among :  
 Who hath a long side, which shee haue in eye,  
 Let her bend to her knees her necke awry :  
 Whose hidden parts haue not a fault or spot,  
 Lye ever sidelong, pray forget it not.  
 Nor thinke it a disgrace your haire to lose,  
 And then thy neck cast backward still to chose.  
 Thou that art ragged close and covered lye,  
 And from mens sight like the swift Parthian flye.  
 Love hath a thousand waies most voyd of pride,  
 To lye halfe upright on the higher side.  
 Apollos, Tripos, nor horrid Ammon say,  
 Nor things more true than what are in our lay :  
 If there be truth in Art got by long use,  
 Beleeue and trust, you'll finde it in our Muse.  
 Maids see you love us men, plucke from the root,  
 One thing may helpe you, and stead to boot (sweet  
 Cease not faire words, cease not close whispering  
 And wanton words must with your sports of meet.

Gesture  
 in lying.

And

And thou, who nature hath bard loves quick sence,  
Faine pleasant joyes, though the things bee from  
thence.

Unhappy maid to whom that place is dull,  
Which with a man and woman should be full.

For when you faime, beware, let none else know it,  
For feare thy gesture or thy eyes may shew it:

What helps the speech, and thewes the breath is ill,  
That part hath secrets, shame would hide it still.

Who seeks a man after enjoyment straight,

Loving a gift, would not her prayers had weight:

Ope not your windowes wide to take in light,

Much in your bodies rather fits the night.

Our sport is done, 'tis time the Swaines depart,

Which on their necks by yokes have drawne our art.

As Men before, say Maids when ye prevaile,

Ovid our master was, his Art our faile.

FINIS.